



With painter may aspire
To paint and poet will to describe my Fair.
The arts in the performance style,
And not that divine original,
Nor beauty glimpse they may present to view,
Nor this of all poor humankind can do.
Philobius.



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Nor beauty glimpse they may present to view,
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Philobius.

New Poems.

I. The Young Lover's Guide:

O R,

The Unsuccessful Amours of *Philabius*, a Country Lover ; set forth in several kind Epistles, writ by him to his Beau-tious-unkind Mistress.

Teaching Young Lovers how to comport themselves with Resignation in their Love-Disasters.

*Si nec blanda satis, nec erit tibi comis amica,
Perfer & obdura, postmodo mitis erit.*

If your fair Mistress be not mild and kind,
Bear and persever, Time may change her Mind.

Ovid. de Art. Am. l. 1.

II. The Anfwer of *Helena* to *Paris*, newly Translated by a Country Shepherdess.

III. The Sixth *Aeneid* and Fourth Eclogue of *Virgil*, newly Translated

By J. B. Gent.

L O N D O N :

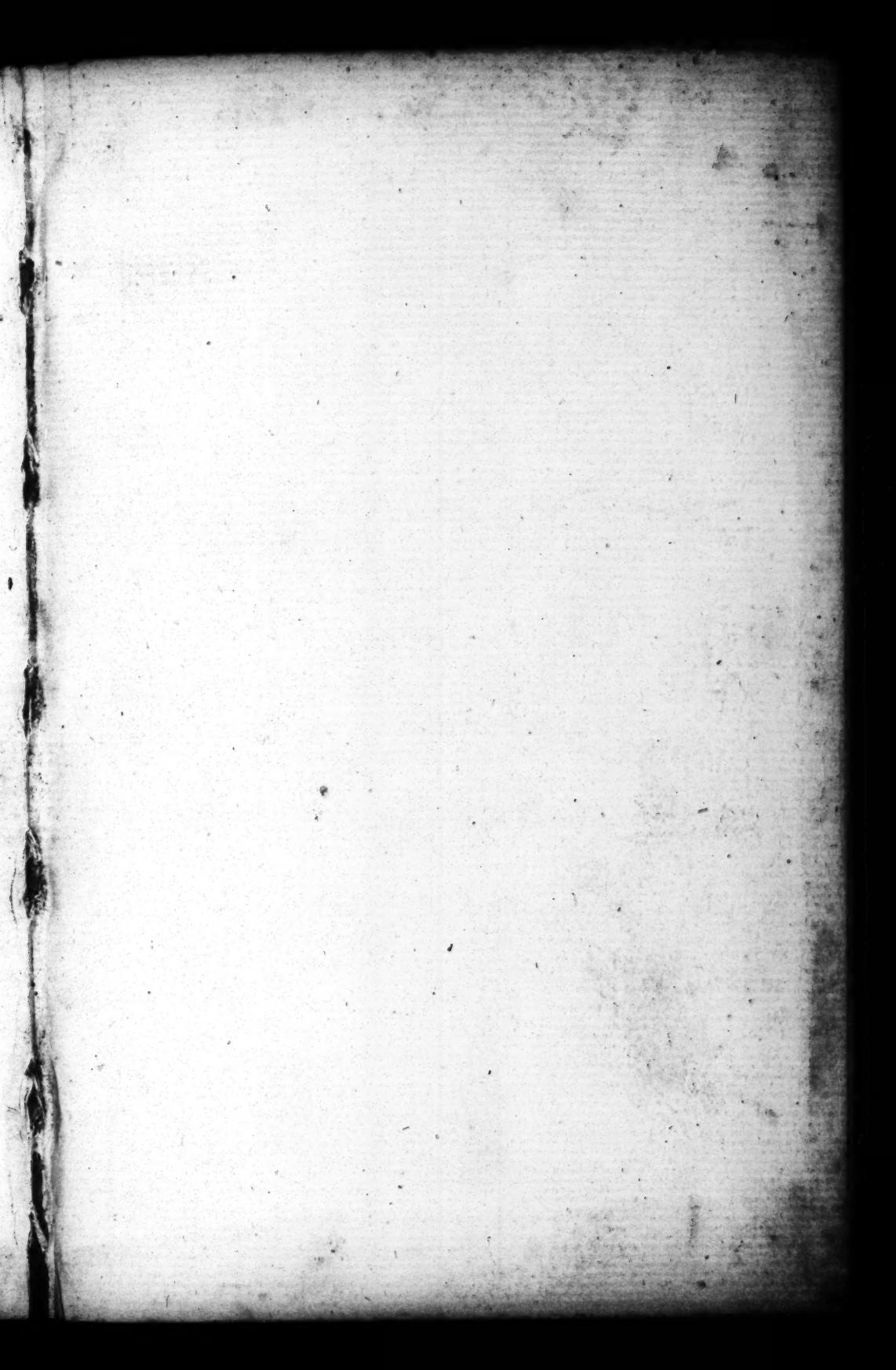
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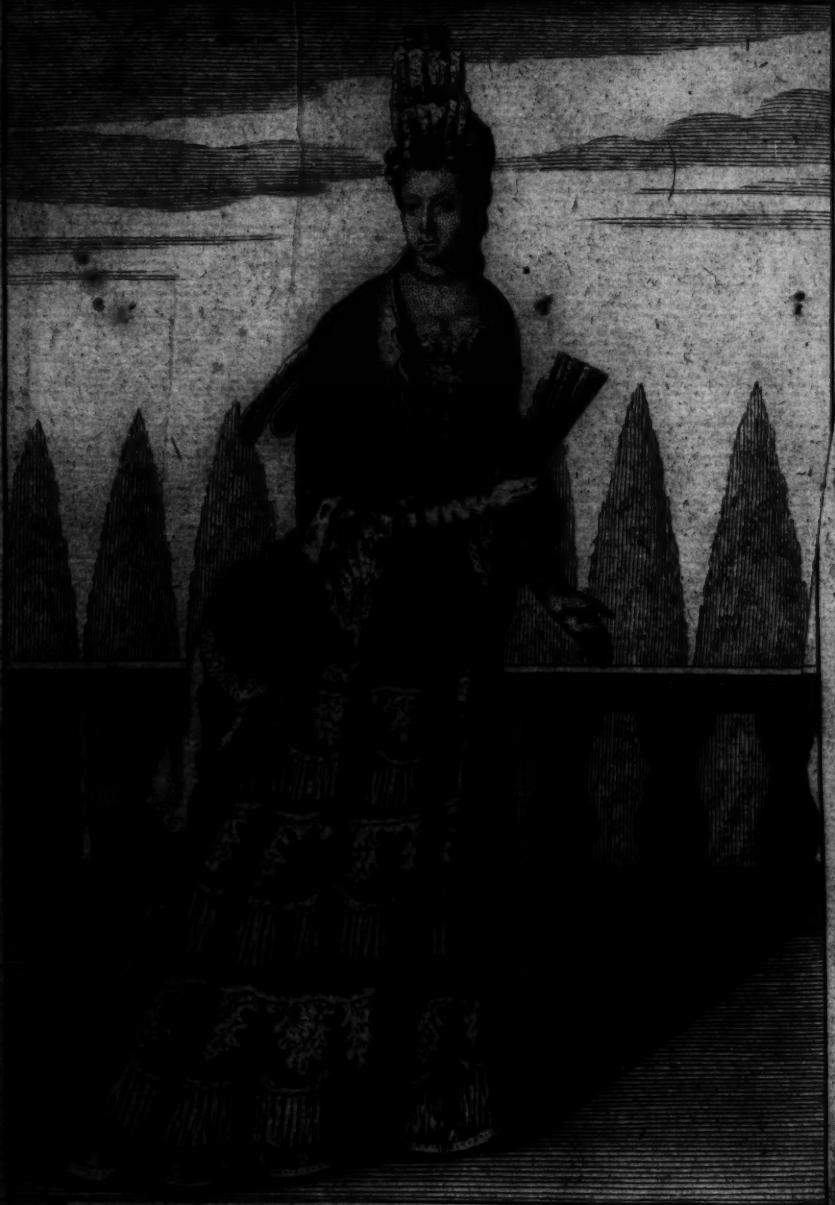
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THOMASIN LEAVER,
HER BOOK,
SALISBURY,
SEPTEMBER the Twenty-sixth,
M, DCC, LX.

Vet. A 3 f. 994





Painters may aspire
To pencil to describe my Fair.
And see the performance style.
But this divine original
They gloomy day may prefer to view.
What all poor humans can do.
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The P R E F A C E :

Writ by *Philabius* to *Venus*, his
Planetary Ascendant.

Dear Mother *Venus* !

I must style you so,
From you descended, tho' unhappy Beau.
You are my Astral Mother ; at my birth
Your pow'rful Influence bore the sway on Earth
From my Ascendent : being sprung from you,
I hop'd Success where-ever I should woo.
Your Pow'r in Heav'n and Earth prevails, shall I,
A Son of yours, by you forsaken die ?
Twenty long Months now I have lov'd a Fair,
And all my Courtship's ending in Despair.
All Earthly Beauties, scatter'd here and there,
From you, their Source, derive the Charms they bear.

PREFACE.

The Fair I court partakes in high'ſt degree
Of your transcending Heav'nly Quality.

Her I admire, as most resembling You ;
O take from her what is your Right and Due,
Or so incline her Favour for your Son,
That by hard Usage he be not undone.

'Tis said those Persons at whose birth you reign,
Prove gracious to your Sex, and Favour gain.
Must I be th' only Man whom you deny
This Privilege ? O great Severity !

But 'gainſt Heav'ns Actions what can Mortals say ?
It deals with us, as Potters do with Clay.
E'en as it lists, for better or for worse ;
Thrice happy those not fated for a Curse.
Tho' while our Ages Course is running on,
We little know what Heav'n intends t'have done.

What seems Affliction oft proves for our Good,
If, with Submission, we embrace the Rod.
Life we are promis'd, but first we are drown'd
In Death, and then with Life immortal crown'd.

God's

PREFACE.

God's Works are all by Means contrary done,
And cross to Man's Imagination run,
'Till the just time is come that they're fulfill'd,
And then, tho' late, to Providence we yield.
Perhaps my Fair's unkindness and delay
Are more t'endear what once I shall enjoy : }
Those Goods are priz'd for which we dearly pay.
Or if she's fated for some other Man,
Perhaps for me kind Heav'n has order'd one
More kind and Fair (if Fairer there may be)
Or, if being turn'd my Tear of Jubilee,
Fate has ordain'd me a Quietus here,
And now my Course for Heav'n I must steer.
O Venus! draw me, by your Charms divine
From Objects here, my dregg y Thoughts refine
From Earthly Things ; that being rais'd to you,
As I your Heav'nly Kingdom have in view,
Fixt on Ideal Beauty 'mong the Blest,
I may enjoy an everlasting Rest.

Philabius.

E R-

The Reader is desir'd to Correct the following
Mistakes of the Pres.

Page 10. line 6. read *manner*, p. 12. l. 9. *seldom does*, r. *often fails*,
p. 26. l. 17. *mighty* r. *nigbly*, p. 34. l. 6. *breath* r. *leave*, ib. l. 14.
r. *there's*, p. 42. l. 4. r. *Idel*, p. 44. l. 5. *owr* r. *her*, p. 48. l. 18. r.
learnt, p. 53. l. 2. *Faith's dele's*, ib. l. 3. *wisb* r. *wish*, ib. l. 27. r. *sup-*
press, p. 56. l. 4. *calm* r. *bus*, p. 64. l. 6. *nowr* r. *new*, p. 65. l. 14. *bus* r.
cus, p. 97. l. 11. r. *in Heav'n*, ib. l. 16. *might* r. *nigbe*, p. 86. l. 20.
ward's dele's.

Humanum Est Errare

New

New Poems.

*Three Addresses writ by Philabius to
his beautious Mistress.*

The First Address.

My only DEAR,

WITH Thoughts as kind, as Lover ever knew,
Your Lover writes this Love-Address to you.

Did you but feel that Passion moves my Heart,
While I to you my Fondness here impart,
Twould move your Pity, Love, Compassion, all
That tender Lovers grateful Kindness call.

But here, alas ! my great Misfortune lies ;
Words can't present before your gracious Eyes,
My inward Feeling : All that Words can do,
I'll say in short, my *Dear*, as God is true,
There's nought on this side Heav'n I love as You.
Yet let not Words alone my Witness be ;
They're Actions I desire should testify.
Command me what you please, I beg command ;
When once your Pleasure's known, if I withstand
Your Will in ought, my Life, my Fortunes, all
I have from God afford, then let me fall
For ever in Disfavour of my *Dear* ;
The greatest Curse that Man on Earth can bear.
I'll not attempt, as common Lovers use,
To write my *Mistress*'s Praise ; the *Fair* I choose
Surpasses me, surpasses Praise of *Man* ;
She's Praise it self, she's all Perfection.
Thrice happy's he, whose blessed Stars incline
Her gracious Favour ; Heav'n's grant they are
(mine.)

Beside

Beside those Stars which influence our Birth,
Three I must beg propitious here on Earth ;
Your *Father*, and your *Mother* dear, and You :
Of whom I have already courted two.
And tho' some Men this Practise may disown,
Who pass by Friends, and Daughter court alone :
Yet since I know your Parents mighty fond
Of their *dear Child*, I let them understand
My Thoughts for you, and hope 'twill not dif-

(please

My *Dearest*, since their study is your ease.
'Gainst my Address they one thing did object,
It was my Age ; indeed, in that respect,
There's disproportion ; yet such have I known,
When happy Life has follow'd thereupon.
All kind Indulgence to my *Dear* I'd show,
Your Will should be my Law ; to come and go,
And do whate'er you pleas'd , you should be

(free.

And I'll presume to say, I think, with me.

The Unsuccessful Amours

You may enjoy as happy Scene of Life,
As where you else may choose to be a Wife.
I know in Age but two things give offence,
The Man's Moroseness, or his Impotence :
And Heav'n's my Witness, I think I'm as free
From these, as one pretends to court should be.
And by my Years, I this advantage gain ;
They've taught me Knowledge, which may enter-
sholy (tain
My Dear sometimes with what may please her
desire (Mind :
Sometimes in *London* Pastimes we would find,
Where all that's Curious to my Dear I'd shew ;
Being more, perhaps, than other Men may do.
In Summer-heats the Country we would see ;
The small Retirement there belongs to me
Is pretty pleasant, may be made much more
With little Cost : Some Things I have in store
Are also curious, and of Value ; these,
And all I have are yours, whene'er you please.

Indeed

Indeed, but poor are such Allurements, where
So high Desert abounds, as in my *Dear*.

Far greater Offers, doubtless, you have met ;
Youth, Beauty, Riches ; all that's gay and great,
From Men your sweet-prevailing Charms have
won,

As who can stand before the glorious Sun?

If I to these a Sacrifice must fall ;

I've this, at last my *Dear* ! to say, for all.

A Judge of Men most values Gifts of Mind ;

For these I dare contend, tho' still resign'd :

If by your Judgment cast, hard Fate, I'll cry !

And humbly kiss that Hand, by which I die.

My only Dear,

Tours for ever,

Philabius.

6 *The Unsuccessful Amours*

The Second Address.

My only DEAR,

Since to my last no Answer you have giv'n,
Impatient Love commands me write agen.
Silence sometimes (they say) implies consent ;
If yours be such, I have my Heart's content.
But if your Silence (as I fear it may)
Concludes your Lover's doom another way ;
Sad is my Fate, which (tho' with trembling Hand)
I ne'ertheless desire to understand.
Tumultuous Passions now torment my Soul ;
Hope gives me Comforts, Fear does all controul.
All sick in Mind, where shall my Refuge be ?
There's none but you can ease my Misery.
Once you were ill, I then prescrib'd a Cure ;
Fond was my Soul your sacred Health t'ensure.

And

of Philabius.

7

And now I languish, to you I must fly
'Tis at your pleasure, that I live or die;
And e'en to Death more easily I'm resign'd,
Than to continue in this state of Mind.

Your gentle Nature can't be so severe,
To let him perish calls you's *Only Dear*.
And calls all Heav'n to witness, it is true;
O ! pity one, devoted thus to you.

I know some Lovers only Passions feign,
And if they Court, for nothing 'tis but Gain.
Fine Words they have, if *Ladies* will believe;
Sweet goes the Pipe while Fowlers Birds deceive.
Such Fraud my *Dearest* can't suspect in me;
Her Person only's my great Treasury.
There lies in store the whole that I pursue;
For this alone her Self, and Friends I wooe;
'Tis all on Earth I beg of Heaven too.
I'm not ambitious, know the World too well;
Content with Greatness does not always dwell.

Great should I be, so I could sit at ease ;
Admire my Dear, with fond Caresses please.
No Soul so clear, no Aspect so divine ;
Sweet Mildness with Sublimeness there combine :
No cloud of Passion intercepts those Rays
Of charming Graces, which she thence displays :
All's there surprizing Mortals can descry ;
Symmetrious Features, wondrous Harmony.

There should I gaze for ever, still should find
My Sense transported with transported Mind.
O Nature's Goddess ! to you I must pay
All Adoration zealous Votive may.
What state of Blis does Heav'n to him decree,
Where it alots your blest Society ? (derive,
Where-e'er that God, whence you these Charms
Designs the Station wherein you shall live,
To me's unknown ; of this, at least, I'm sure,
Your absence long I can't with Life endure.
As Flowers fade in th' absence of the Sun,
My Life without your Influence is gone.

What

What may I do your Favour, *Dear!* to gain?
Can *Life*? can *Love*? can nothing it obtain?
With Muse sublime, above the Stars I'll raise
Your *Name*, your *Fame*, with my immortal *Lays*.
A Poem next I'll write of *Love divine* ;
In which my *Fair Heav'ns Angels* shall out-
(shine.)

In Praise of her, let all the World that dares
Contend; they'll find *Philabius* void of Fears,
And would's his Suit had Issue by such Wars.
I want a Friend Death robb'd me of this Year,
To plead my Cause, with Kindness, to my *Dear*.
Had he surviv'd, I had not stood alone;
To deal with many hard it is for one.
And florid Youth now rivals my Desire,
And most are apt the rising Sun t'admire;
Tho' Judges know the perfect state of Man,
Is when his Sun's in the Meridian.
The Air is foul with Fogs, as Sun does rise,
And as it further climbs the lofty Skies,

?Till

10 *The Unsuccessful Amours*

'Till come t'its height ; nor is Man's Reason clear,
'Till he has reach'd his Jubilean Year.

And this, with Favour, let me farther say ;
Unstedfast Youth, tho' specious, brisk, and gay,
Is prone to change ; contingent Beauty too,
Mature Years more likely may prove true,
And let not this, unminded pass, by you.

Fain would my Pen much farther here inlarge,
Whole Floods of Passion, thus I could discharge :
But fearing this already tires my *Dear*,
I check my Pen, and stop in full career ;
This only Boon imploring at your Hand,
That you'll vouchsafe to let me understand,
In Verse, or Prose, or by some private Friend,
How all my Hopes, and Love-Address must end.

O Beauty ! O Love !

O Pity ! — Philabius.

The

The Third Address.

My only DEAR,

O nce more I write, for who can Love with-
stand?

Which Heart inflames, and presses on the Hand.

Help *Muse* agen ! this once my Fate to try ;

And gently guide my Pen before I die.

Help me to soft Expressions which my *Dear*

May move, and force from her kind Eyes a Tear

Of Pity for me. Heav'ns ! what is't I say ?

Do I wish Sorrow to my only Joy ?

Through Love distracted all in Mind I rave,

And wish for what I'd rather die than have.

Help me t'Expressions may affect her Mind

With Thoughts as cheerful, as they make them
kind.

No Pity let them, but gay Love inspire ;

Cold's hopeless Pity, Love's a sacred Fire,

12 *The Unsuccessful Amours*

If e'er on Earth, true Love in Man has been,
It reigns in me, and Love I hope 'twill win.

By Love of Heav'n, we Love from Heav'n ob-
(tain,

My Fair is heav'nly, Love her Love must gain.
On this I stand, on this my Soul relies ;
If I'm deceiv'd my Fall is with the Wise.

Tho' twice I've writ, no Answer from my *Fair*
Have yet receiv'd, must I for this despair ?

Once or twice asking ~~fandom does~~^{often fails} with Men ;
Ought I not ask *Heav'n's Darling* once agen ?

Perhaps this Silence of my *Dear's* to try
Her Lover's Patience, Zeal and Constancy.

If so, with constant Patience I must bear ;
Altho', if long, such Trials prove severe.

My Temper's not the same with other Men ;
Strong are my Passions, where they take a run :

A Check inflames them, raging they boil o'er,
As Waves, when broken on a craggy Shoar,
And strongly checkt, with Terror rage and roar.

Such

Such Measures with dull Lovers may do well,
They serve to stir and kindle sluggish Zeal.
But where you find Love apt to take on Flame,
I think the way of Dealing's not the same ;
Good Sportsmen seek not to destroy their Game.
As roughness fits a rough, ungenerous Mind,
The tender-hearted Tenderness should find ;
To them the Usage should be mild and kind.
O ! sick am I, my *Dear* ! by your delay ;
What one Man cures, another may destroy.
I always take it as a double Boon,
If what I sue for may be granted soon.
And as the Favour's greater, still the more
The Grantor I prize, honour, love, adore.
With what surprizing Joy think you then, *Dear* !
Quick News, and kind, from you'd ravish my Ear ?
I beg, at least, let gentle Hopes maintain
My Flame, and let my Heart some respite gain :
And cast me not severely in Despair ;
Despair, as dark, as Heav'n has made you Fair.

Doubt not how constant to you I will prove,
I'll cease to live, before I cease to love.

Consider, Dearest! what to you is said
In Three Addresses, now by me are made:
Proceeding all from Heart and Soul sincere,
As ever in devoted Lover were.

If more I thought my Dearest would desire,
More would I write; my Pen should never tire.
And loath it is to part with Paper now;
Tho' I no farther Scope shall it allow,
Till I my Dearest's Pleasure know, and then,
All crown'd with Joys, I hope to write agen.

Philabius.

An

An Address to a famous Poetess, going
by the Name of Philomela, wherein
Philabius (having receiv'd no
Answer to his three foregoing Epi-
stles) begs her Aid for moving his
Mistress's Favour.

MADAM,

If any of your Sex, fall'n in Distress,
Desir'd my Aid. (such is my Tenderness)
I should afford it freely ; would to me
They would vouchsafe an equal Charity.
Madam, 'thas been my direful Chance to fall
In Love, of late, with what we *Beauty* call :
Beauty, that *Lot divine*, your Sex attends,
Working on Men, too often, fatal Ends.
Thrice to my *Fair Addresses* I have sent,
(Writ as I could) how she does them resent,

I can't

I can't divine, nor will my *Fair* disclose ;
She drowns her Thoughts in Silence, me in Woes.
Self-musing often, with revolving Mind,
This cause of Silence in my *Dear* to find ;
I may suspect my unpathetick Style
Moves neither Frowns, nor an obliging Smile,
But leaves my *Fair* as unconcern'd, as tho'
She nothing of Love-Verses yet did know.
This puts me to a stand, and what to do
'Tis hard to think, and how my Suit pursue.
I've done my best, and more to write were vain,
Unless I could pretend some happy'r Strain.
Your Genius, *Madam*, 's known by what you've writ,
Great is your Fancy, Judgment, Art and Wit.
Sweet *Philomela*'s Aid I'd fain implore,
Her pow'rful Charms dumb Spirits may conjure.
Her sweet-tun'd Voice thro' all the Forest rings,
And all are mov'd when *Philomela* sings ;
Shout with Applause, and echo forth her Praise,
Surpriz'd and charm'd with her melodious Lays.

Her wondrous Notes in Rapture all admire,
As hither brought from the Celestial Quire.
Would Heav'n, my zealous Wishes could obtain
Her Aid, the Favour of my *Dear* to gain.
The depth of Hearts your Love-dipt Pen may reach,
And where mine fails, may force an easy breach.
Those genuine Arts your *Muse* may soon deserv,
Which charm your Sex, to me a Mystery.
And tho' some *Beau*, perhaps, has not been true,
In zealous Passions he has vow'd for you ;
Which may discourage your Assistance, when
Desir'd, for gaining Kindnesses to Men :
Heav'n knows my Soul's sincere, and Love to feign,
Is what my Heart will ever much disdain.
I bear a Mind too free, to fawn on them,
Or fondly write, but where I've found Esteem.
And had I judg'd my Verses to my *Dear*
Worth *Philomela*'s view, I'd sent 'em here.
It may be thought a very heavy Doom,
That all hard Censure should incur for some.

I wish Success may crown all your Desires,
And pray your Aid now, where my Heart aspires.
Your Aid's the last Expedient I can try ;
There all the hopes I have of Life do lie.
Great are the Pains, thro' Love I undergo,
Which, tho' unfeet by you, you truly know,
And as you judg them, please your Favour show.

M A D A M,

Tour great Admirer, and

humbly-devoted Servant,

Philabius.

Philo.

Philomela having not vouchsaft her
Aid, Philabius writ his Farewel to
his beautious Mistress, as follows.

My only D E A R,

IT grieves my Soul to write my last Adieu,
To one I so entirely love, as you.

All Happiness your Self and Friends I wish,
Tho' no way kind to me, in my Address.

I know Affection is not always free ;
Tho' one be fond, another may not be.

Heav'n grants it, as a Favour, now and then,
That where we love, we are belov'd agen.

I find your Favour, *Dear !* I can't obtain ;
And cease my Suit, which I could wish to gain :

But cease, as doubting, all my Suit's in vain,
Or 'stead of Favour, may incur Disdain.

What I have writ already, pray resent
With Kindness, as by me 'twas kindly meant ;

Which, tho' not worth your Thanks or Notice;

(still

A gentle Heart despises not good Will.

As far as I among the World converse,

Unfeigned Friends, I find, are very scarce ;

And wish I had one Friend on Earth, as true,

As, if accepted, I had been to you.

The Heav'ns, 'tis like, far greater Things design

'T attend your Fate, than Kindnesses of mine.

Heav'n grant my Life a quick and gentle end,

And let all Joy my *Dearest* still attend.

My joyful Hopes to Sorrows now must turn,

My *Muse* in Silence, shall for ever mourn,

'Till Death gives ease and quiet in my Urn.

Philabius.

A gentle

*A gentle Reviver, writ by Philabius
to his beautive Mistress.*

My only DEAR,

I've try'd, and try'd, but find 'tis ne'er the near,
T'unlove that Person, once I call'd my *Dear* ;
My *only Dear* ; and find she must be so,
In spight of all abused Love can do.
When Love's abus'd, in some it turns to Hate :
It can't in me ; nay it's so far from that,
I rather love you more, if more may be,
When Love's exalted to its high'ft degree.
To Love, and find great Slights, and almost Scorn,
May seem severe, and hardly to be born.
Yet this from you and yours I undergo,
And love you still entirely, and you know
Such Trials height of Love will truly shew.
Some, in Addresses, no resistance find ;
Their Love-suit's easy, and their *Mistress* kind.

Kind Fortune with such Lovers sports and plays ;
These freely may enjoy Love's Holy-days.
Others in Love-suits Hardships undergo ;
They can't prevail upon their *Mistress* so,
But meet with Lets and Rubs, and yet, at last,
Run smoothly on, and win the doubtful Cast.
Some others more unfortunate than these,
Reap but Disdain for all their Kindnesses.
And such am I; who yet, with chearful Mind,
Bear even this ; to you, my *Dear !* resign'd.
Tho' Heav'n on us is often pleas'd to frown,
We must not be displeas'd, but still love on.
Some Lovers *Beauty*, meerly for the sake
Of *Beauty* love ; and seek not to partake
Of more Enjoyments ; yet Disdain to them
Would seem severe, and check their fond Esteem,
I therefore even these, in Love surpass,
And nothing stirs me, where my Love I place.
That *Apathy* the Stoicks teach, to me
Seems but a frigid-dull Philosophy :

With

With Patience arm'd just Passions let's pursue;
It keeps our Thoughts in action, ever new.

Let us agree then Dearest! to go on,
I with my Love; and you with your Disdain.
Time and Experience to us both will shew,
Which in our Pursuits weary first may grow.
I'm apt to think th' advantage on my side,
Disdain, Love's kind Assaults, can scarce abide.
Love sweetly charms the Mind, where it does reign,
That Soul's uneasy, where there is Disdain.
How then shall this hold out with that? but tire
And yield to Love, as Nature does require,
And this is that to which my Hopes aspire.

Philabius.

*Another Epistle writ by Philabius to
his beautious Mistress.*

My only DEAR,

IF Men distracted chance to give Offence,
Good Natures turn it all to Innocence.
I hope in you such Goodness I shall find ;
O'er-doz'd with Love, I'm discompos'd in Mind.
I write, and write, and know not what I do ;
O ! pardon this fond Trouble giv'n to you.
With Thought o'er-set my Soul no rest can have,
But in your Kindness, or my fatal Grave.
Oft do my Friends dissuade me from my Suit,
Such is my Love, no Friend on Earth can do't,
Whate'er Severeness you to me shall shew ;
If Love be true, 'twill creep where't cannot go.

Who

Who shall presume t'a Lover Laws prescribe ?

The Law within him is his only Guide.

'T shall not be said I vow'd Love to my *Dear*,

And fell from what my Protestations were.

Love now so long I've foster'd in my Breast,

In wilful Bondage I must lie opprest.

My Will is not my own to wish me free,

Or eas'd of my endeared Misery.

When Love's inflam'd, it's vain to seek an end,

On it will go, as boundless as the Wind.

Oft by your House, I sad and musing pass,

Fain would I enter; then I cry, Alas!

All is Unkindness there I ever found;

Despairing Thoughts my willing Mind confound,

My Soul, at least, is ever with my *Dear*,

Her Charms admiring, whisp'ring in her Ear.

Soft is that Whisper; which when you perceive

In silent Thoughts, you roughly bid it, Leave.

My Soul then silent for a while does stand,

Humbly obedient to your dread Command.

26 *The Unsuccessful Amours*

Watches a time its Courtship to renew,
Believe me, so' will ever ever do.

Alas, my *Dear!* take some small Care of me,

My Zeal for you a Person blind may see.

Long since it is I writ you an *Adieu*,

Can't yet resign to leave my Home and You,

Still am in Fear that dreadful Day will come,

Which I may truly call my *Day of Doom*.

If you enforce it, what can I then say ?

What Heav'n denies us, we cannot enjoy.

A Wand'r'er in the World I then become,

No Friend I have on Earth, no House, nor Home ;

And if I had them, what are these to me,

When I'm debarr'd your dear Society ?

If I must leave my Country, Friends, and *Dear*,

And, as a Vagrant, wander here and there,

My Spirit ^{nightly} ~~mighty~~ will return to you ;

Be not affrighted when you it shall view.

'Twill be as gentle, as my Heart is kind,

Begging and Praying Kindness I may find,

As you'd have Kindness from the Pow'rs above,
Tho' not your Person, let me have your Love.
I'm but your Echo, Kindness thence you pray,
Kindness from you my Soul again does cry.
Heav'n grant that both our Prayers may be heard,
Your Kindness mine, Heav'ns Kindness your Re-
ward.

Philabius.

The

The last intended Farewel writ by Philabius to his beautious Mistress, on his bearing she was married to his Rival.

My only DEAR,

THIS Month is call'd, the merry Month of *May* ;
I wish to me 'twere as the People say.
So 'twas in you to make it, had you pleas'd,
My sad and discomposed Mind t'have eas'd.
In Fields delightful lately I have gone,
T'enjoy the pleasure of the glorious Sun ;
Revive my Senses all the various ways,
Our Sense, by Nature's Bounty, now enjoys.
Our Eyes are feasted with the curious dye,
Flowers display in great variety :
Their fragrant Odours strangely please the Smell,
Soft to the Foot the tender Meadows feel.

Young

Young Fruits delight the Taste ; the spacious Sky
Resounding with the charming Melody
Of chanting Birds, compleats our Senses Joy.
Thrice happy th'ose, whose undisturbed Mind
Calm Ease enjoys, when Nature is so kind.
Unhappy Man ! my Fate is most severe ;
I languish through th' unkindness of my Dear.
Cares, and despairing Thoughts my Soul oppres,
Without my *Fair* there is no Happiness.
Thus all complaining to my Self I talkt,
With Sorrows tir'd, while in the Fields I walkt.
At length, betwixt a *Lilly* and a *Rose*,
I lay'd me down to take a small Repose.
I could not sleep, but slumber'd for a while,
Th' uneasy time thus striving to beguile.
Long could not slumber, but awakt agen,
When, all surpriz'd, I saw the curious Scene
Of Nature chang'd, and wonder'd what did mean.
The Sun was clouded, and the Air was cold,
The Meadows all unpleasing to behold.

Their

Their Verdure faded, all their Beauty gone,
The *Lilly* black, the blushing *Rose* turn'd wan.
While thus amaz'd, *Queen Mab* I chanc'd to spy,
With num'rous Train of *Fairies* standing by.
O Queen, I cry'd ! what means this sudden change,
Is Nature nigh its end ? 'tis wondrous strange.
The Queen enjoyn'd me Patience, then reply'd,
You know we often visit your Bed-side.
You are no Stranger to our ways ; you've seen,
How we're concern'd in all Designs of Men.
You Mortals oft propose your selves a Bliss,
In your Pursuits ; now that, and sometimes this.
We watch your Motions, know all you intend ;
Abet, or Counter, as Heav'n has design'd.
Think not that Men can gain all they pursue ;
Heav'n guides them by its providential Clew.
Whate'er they purpose, Heaven will dispose ;
Their fondest Longings often they must lose.
Strive not against great Providence's course,
Which leads the willing, others draws by force.

We are its Servants, in an Order, far
Surpassing yours, your Guidance is our Care.
With this Advice let me possess your Mind ;
If you'll live happy, live with Ease resign'd.
Those fond Enjoyments Men would fain obtain,
Prove often fatal, if they chance to gain.
Man headlong runs presuming on his Wit,
When Heav'n alone knows what for him is fit.
This change of Nature, you so much admire,
Is wrought by us, as we with Fate conspire.
That Beauty in the Fields, when you lay down,
All on a sudden, to your *Dear* is gone.
You know of Beauty she had ever store,
And those have much, you find will still have more.
This we have lent her, for her Wedding-dress,
To make her Person charming in Excess.
Your Patience now, for I must tell you too,
She's e'en now wedded, tho' unknown to you.
Enquire not of me who the Man may be,
We long since told you what's your Destiny :

Which

Which future Times to you will make appear,
With what concerns your *Rival*, and your *Dear*.
This said, the *Queen* was in a moment gone
With her Attendants, leaving me alone.
I deeply sigh'd, enforc'd by Nature, tho'
Grief, in such Cases, us no Good can do.
And *Fairest* now its time to take my leave;
My long Farewel I therefore to you give.
Whate'er Unkindness I from you have found,
It's all forgot, and in my Fondness drown'd.
Kind Wishes you shall ever have from me;
Now humbly yielding to the Fate's Decree.
If by oft Writing I have you displeas'd,
I beg, at parting, I may be releas'd.
My Pen's fond Trouble now is wholly o'er,
Nor ever shall disturb my *Dearest* more.

Philabius.

A second

*A second Reviver writ by Philabius
to his beautious Mistress, upon his
being inform'd that the Report of her
being married was false.*

My only DEAR,

Queen Mab, you see, late put me in a Fright,
To sport with Mortals Faries take delight.
It's not the first time she has serv'd me so;
Would now with Joy she'd recompence my Woe.
When she said you were wedded, 'twas to try,
How meekly with Heav'ns Orders I'd comply.
And found 'twas with all Resignation done,
Tho' hard, as if I'd sacrific'd a Son.
O ! could I be rewarded, as the Man,
In whom such pure Obedience first began !
The Queen now says, I may in Love proceed,
Tho' still without assurance to succeed.
Some gentle Hopes she grants I entertain,
And leave the rest to Providence again.

No *India Merchant* ever would give more,
Effects, in his Adventure, to ensure.
With Hopes reviv'd, by leave, I then go on,
My heav'nly *Dear* saluting once agen :
And shall salute her Monthly, while on Earth,
Kind Heav'n vouchsafes my *Fairest* here to breath.^{leave}
And she continues in unmarried State,
And Men are free to try contingent Fate.
Twice, since I heard you wedded, I'd a Mind
To see a Beauty, might, perhaps, been kind.
Twice, intervening Chances put me by
Of that Design, as 'twere by Destiny.
This makes me think (since you are single still)
There's something lies conceal'd in Heav'n's Will,
Which You and I may fatally fulfil.

I hear my Rival's lately at a stand,
As no Man Fortune can, at Will, command.
I wish him well, and ever shall ; as he
Must have his Lot, so I my Destiny.
If, with your Favour, *Dearest* ! now I may
Be free to utter what I have to say,

I think

I think I've Reason greatly to complain
Of your hard dealing with such Love as mine,
I need not tell you, what your conscious Mind
Foretels you, that you have been most unkind.
I am persuaded both your Friends, and You
Must be convinc'd my Love is great and true
And that whatever here I have on Earth
Is yours, at Will: I nothing for it crave
But Kindness. If you cannot condescend
To make me Husband; let me be your Friend
Your Friendship only, should engage me still
To serve my Dearest with my utmost Zeal
Let me persuade you, Dear! no Friend to slight;
When found, endear him, as your Eye does light
I mean a Friend, will firmly stand his Ground;
Pretending Friends are common to be found
By Men of Learning Love has been defin'd
A fond desire we have of being kind
To those we love, for Beauty's sake. To you
Soon would I prove this Definition true,

Would you give way ; and pos'sbly might do more
For you, than all the Friends you have in store.
As you are now at Bath, there would I be,
If any hopes of Welcome I could see.
Whenever Love and Service hitherto
I've tender'd, still they found Contempt with you.
As I strive to oblige, you take offence ;
For tender Kindness, 'tis hard recompence.
Tho' offer'd Service oft has such Success,
In you, I hop'd t'have found it otherwise.
I thought in you a mild-sweet Temper reign'd,
That tender'd Kindness would not be disdain'd.
O ! please to shew by some kind Word or Deed,
Your Lover, in so judging not deceiv'd.
To none for Friendship did I ever sue,
Or court for Kindness, as your Friends and You.
No Self-advantage therein I propose ;
Both Life and Fortunes for you I would lose.
Use, or abuse me, as you please ; you see
How great's the Force of stedfast Constancy.

Many to me, in Kindness now excel,
Only presuming, that I wish them well.
From none such Usage, as from you, I've found,
For whom my Love did ever most abound.
Surely, there's something, tho' unknown to me,
Moves your Averseness in so high degree.
O ! let me know, why you are so severe,
Freedom allow, to try my self to clear.
If I have Failures, so have other Men,
We can but promise, that we'll mend agen.
Nature I'd force to mend all Faults I have,
And 'stead of Servant, I would be your Slave.
My most endeared Princess you shall be,
Rule me with Mildness, or with Tyranny.
These Protestations, Dearest ! please receive,
And let your Lover, in your Favour, live.
It's all on Earth, 'tis all he begs of you,
So, with all Fondness, bids his Dear adieu.

Philabius.

*The last Address writ by Philabius to
his beautious Mistress.*

My only DEAR,

Hard Case it seems, Heav'n should present to
(Men)

Objects that please beyond their Strength ; and then
Find Fault they love too much, and oft withstands
Th' enjoyment of them, by its countermands.

I own the Charm's abounding in my *Dear*,
O'er-pow'r my Soul, that love I can't forbear :
And tho' Heav'n seems t' oppose me hitherto,
I can't desist, my Suit I must pursue.

All ways I try my charming *Dear* to move ;
I beg, I pray, I tender Life and Love,
My Fortunes, Service, all that Man can do ;
And this my All is still despis'd by you.

Would

Would, at the time, when first I kiss'd your Hand,
I had been banish'd in some Foreign Land ;
There to remain for ever, ne'er t'have seen
This wretched State your Lover now is in.
If you're resolv'd I perish ; pray be quick ;
I'd rather die, than long continue sick :
Say plainly, *Dear !* that mine you'll never be ;
So seal my Death, conclude my Misery.
Your Silence keeps me in continual Dread ;
As tott'ring Stones when hanging o'er the Head,
With Frights torment us, never giving rest :
E'en thus am I now cruelly opprest.
All my Invention now is at an end ;
When Stocks are out, we have no more to spend,
Words I here heap'd on Words with all my Zeal,
Hoping thereby t'incline your gracious Will.
No Word of Comfort can get from my *Fair* ;
O ! keep me now, if ever, from Despair.

Philabius.

*A Copy of Verses, writ by a Platonick
to his Valentine.*

Most beautious Princeſſ,

WHEN joyful Birds have chose at Spring
Their pretty Mates, they quaintly sing
Their little Notes, and strive to please
Those whom they love; I, taught by these,
Salute my *Deareſt* with this Air:
As you surpass their faireſt Fair;
So ſhould my Song their Chant excel;
And 'twill, if you but ſay, 'tis well.
See how their Quills with curious dyes,
Are deckt, to please their Lovers Eyes.
The inn'cent White, the conſtant Blue,
The hopeful Green, and ſtately hew
Of Purple, joyful Yellow's there,
Gay Red, and Black, Badge of Despair.

There

There is no Passion of the Mind,
But there express the Eye does find.

Thus drest, they fly with Wings of Love
Together to some pleasant Grove,
Where nothing can disturb their Joys ;
All's calm, and still, and free from Noise.
Some gentle Stream steals softly by,
'Fraid to offend Love's Mystery.

Sweet Flowers from the Fields beneath,
With Smells perfume the Air they breath :
Fresh Blossoms from the budding Trees,
Afford them rare varieties
Of Food : Thus blest in all Desires,
They pass their Days in am'rous Fires.
Blest Birds ; but blest with sensual Joys,
A Bliss for Birds : Alas ! what Toys
To Bliss of Man, the Bliss of Mind,
To sensual Objects unconfin'd.
With us, while, in this Frame of Clay
We live, those Objects still convey

Into our Minds the specious Rays
Of Beauty, which incite, and raise
Us, to contemplate that Divine
Idol Beauty, seen to shine
In Beauty's Source, whence *Fairest*, you
And all Things here, their Beauty drew.
There, Princess! your Idea lies,
Fair, Spotless, charming in our Eyes.
The Charms of Beauty here you bear,
Still raise us to contemplate there;
Where I with all Men evermore,
Must love, admire you, and adore.

J. B.

The

The Answer of Helena to Paris: Translated by a Country Shepherdess.

The PREFACE.

To Lords and Knights, and others of the Town,
Inspired Poets all, of great Renown,
Have taught quaint Ovid speak our Mother Tongue,
In Language fit for Phœbus to have sung:
Yet since Mens Fancies change as Womens Dress,
I thought my self, tho' Country Shepherdess,
Might please as well, by off'ring somewhat new,
Tho' coming short of what before they knew.
And as more ways than one lead to a Mill,
Why may not many climb Parnassus Hill?
E'en Women (far some of us rise betimes.)
And fall into Enthusiaſtick Rhimes,

*In Love-Concerns, at least, for as we draw
 Our Passions deep, when once our Hearts do thaw
 We melt in Love: It's Helen's Case we find,
 That beautious Wonder of us Women-kind,
 W^{ho} to ^{her} Paris thus exprest her Mind.*

The ANSWER.

MY guilty Eyes your Letter having read,
 Small Glory now to leav't unanswered.
 You then a Guest, 'gainst sacred Laws of Friends,
 Dare tempt a Wife to break her Wedlock Bonds.
 'Tis like, for this, when stormy Seas had tost
 You here, you found your Safety on our Coast !
 And wheh you came a Stranger to our Port,
 You were not barr'd the freedom of our Court !
 These are the Thanks you to our Bounty owe !
 Is this done like a Guest, or like a Foe ?
 I make no doubt, tho' my Complaint be just,
 You'll call't uncourtly ; be it, if it must.

Let me be courtless, so an honest Wife,
And that none find a blemish in my Life.
Altho' my Count'nance speaks me not severe,
Tho' I use not a grave-affected Air,
Yet am I spotless, and have liv'd my time,
E'en unsuspected from the least of Crime.
The more's my Wonder what your Fancy fed,
And gave you hopes you should enjoy my Bed.
Cause *Theseus* once, by force, constrain'd me go
With him ; perhaps, you think to do so too.
Had I been drawn by's fawning Words, in me
The Fault had been ; but being forc'd, am free.
Nor by his Fact, did he his Will obtain,
Unless by Fear, I, unhurt return'd again.
The sawcy Gallant only got a Kiss
Sometimes by striving, and was glad h'ad this.
It seems you, naughty Man, would more pursue,
But Heav'n be prais'd, he was nor like to you.
Modest in this, which made his Crime the less,
He left m'unwrond'd, and did his Fault confess.

Sure

Sure he repented what h'ad done, that you
Might all enjoy, d'you think he'll say so too ?
Yet I'm not angry, who can be with Love?
Unless 'tis all but feign'd that you do move.
And this I doubt, not that I you distrust,
Or know not well my Face is not the worst.
But cause an easy Faith does oft abuse
Us, and they say Men Truth do seldom use.
Tho' others sin, and few good Women known,
Of those so few, why may not I be one ?
And tho' to you my Mother seems to be
A fit Example in this thing for me:
You know my Mother, by a false Disguise
Of Feathers cheated, suffer'd a Surprize.
If I should sin, I cannot say the same :
Nor have I any Cloak to hide my Shame.
She well might sin, the Author could dispence
With her, what *Jove* will take off my Offence ?
Your Race, and ancient Blood, and Kingly Fame
You boast ; our House is not to seek a Name.

To pass by Jove, as Great-Sire to *Atræus*
And all the Stock of *Pelops*, *Tyndarus*,
Jove turn'd a Swan, deceiving *Leda*'ll own
Me for his Child, whom she embrac'd unknown.
Go now and boast your rise, if you think good,
From *Priam*'s, and your *Laomedon*'s Blood,
Whom I suspect ; but he on whom you build
Your Fame, is fifth from you, when I'm his Child.
And grant, your Crown of *Troy* I great shold own,
I cannot but as much esteem our own.

Tho' you've more Riches, and your Subjects far
In number greater, yours *Barbarians* are.
Your rich Epistle talks of so much Gold,
'Gainst it a Goddess-heart might hardly hold :
But if 'gainst modest Laws I'd yield to sin,
'Tis you your self would sooner draw me in.
Or with my spotless Flame I'll live and die,
Or after you, not after Gifts, will fly.
Tho' I contemn them not ; for well I know,
They're grateful when the Giver makes them so.

But

But more your Love does move me and your Pain,
And that for me you ventur'd o'er the Main.
I also mark, tho' still conceal, as fit,
Your Actions, when at Table you do sit.
Sometimes on me you cast such piercing Eyes,
That mine, to bear their Glances scarce suffize.
Sometimes you sigh, sometimes my Cup you draw,
And drink just at the place where me you saw.
How oft your Fingers, and your speaking Brows,
Have I seen making secret Signs and Vows:
And often fear'd my Husband would perceive ;
And blush'd to see the open Marks you gave.
I often softly to my self did say,
This Man is shameless, and I think I may.
I often found upon the Table writ
My Name in Wine, *I Love* set under it.
Some Mark I gave, I did not think it true :
But since, alas ! I've learn^t to say so too.
To these Allurements, if inclin'd to sin,
I should submit, 'tis this my Heart would win.

Tho'

Tho' I confess your Features I admire,
And your Embraces Ladies may desire.
But let some happy'r Person, lov'd by you,
Without a Crime enjoy, what I can't do.
Pray learn by me a Beauty to forbear ;
A Virtue 'tis, those things we love to spare.
How many, think you, wish for what you sue?
Have none discerning Eyes d'you think, but you?
You see not more, but rasher, more you dare,
You've not more Passion, but more shameless are.
Then should you've come, as swift as Winters
(Flood,
When, being a Virgin, me a thousand woo'd.
If then but seen, from all you'd had my Voice,
My Husband's self must pardon me my choice.
You're now too late, the thing you seek's possest,
And what you hope for's in anothers Breast.
To be your Wife yet should I still consent,
If Menelaus would be so conteht.
Pray cease with Words my tender Heart to move,
Don't go t'abuse her whom you say you love ;

But leave me to my Lot, by Fortune gi'en,
Nor basely seek my Honours Spoils to win.

Venus you say on *Ida* gave you this,
Where you did judge three naked Goddesses :
And when th'one promis'd Crowns, a Name divine
In war the other, she said *Helen's* thine.

I scarce believe those Heav'nly Queens content,
To leave their shape to your arbitrement :
And grant this true, sure th'other part is feign'd,
That I should be your Gift, if *Venus* gain'd.
I can't presume my Beauty such, that she
Should say't the great'ft Gift in her Treasury.
I'm well content so Men my Shape approve ;
A treach'rous Praiser is the Queen of Love.
Yet I'll not gainsay't, tho' I it admire ;
For why should I gainsay what I desire ?
Nor be you angry that my Faith is slow ;
Great things require no hasty Faith you know.
First then, t'have liked *Venus* it's a Pleasure ;
Next, that you take me as your greatest Treasure :

And

And slighting th'Honours *Juno* did propose,
And *Pallas*, you from *Venus Helen* chose.
Then I'm to you both Virtue, and a Throne;
An Iron-heart such Love were bound to own.
Nor am I Iron (credit me;) but may
I love him, whom I cannot hope t'enjoy?
To what end should I plough the barren Sands,
And follow hopes the very place withstands?
Untrain'd to *Venus*-Thefts, my Husband's Trust
I ne'er, as yet, abus'd, as Heav'ns just.
And now my Pen does correspond with you,
This thing to me is altogether new.
They're happy who're inur'd, my inn'cent Mind
Does think the way to Vice is hard to find.
I'm full of Fears and in Confusion, I
Suspect that all on me do cast their Eye.
Nor is it causeless, *Aethra* says, of late
The World talks of me at an evil rate.
Be therefore close, unless you'll quite give o'er;
Tho' why desist? your Actions you may cover.

A&t, but be wary, tho' we're somewhat free,
By *Menelaus* absence, Spies can see.
He's gone, 'tis true, a Voyage far away,
For just and weighty Reasons could not stay.
At least to me it seem'd, for when he slack
And doubting stood, I said, pray make haste back.
With th' Omen pleas'd he kist me'nd did commend
To me the care of's House, and's *Trojan* Friend.
I scarce held Laughter, striving at it, all
I could return in Answer, was, I shall.
So he to *Crete* with happy Wind is gone ;
But do not think for this the World's your own.
Tho' he be absent, yet his Guard is strong
On me, you know Kings Hands are very long.
Beside, my Fame and Shape you so much prais'd,
In him the more his Jealousy has rais'd.
In this Conjunction better 'twere I'd none,
And that you'd let my Beauty's Praise alone.
Nor wonder I'm left by my self, he knows
What Confidence he in me may repose.

My Face he fear'd my Virtue trusted, there
My Faith's secur'd, where Beauty made him fear.
You with me not to let th' occasion die,
But that we use the Man's simplicity.
I would and fear, nor can I yet command
My wav'ring Will, my Heart is at a stand.
My Husband's absent, you've no Wife, in lieu,
Your Shape embraces me, and mine does you.
The Nights are long, and we converse alone,
Your Charms, alas! are great, our House is one;
And let me die, all things to sin conspire,
There's nought but Fear can check our fond Desire.
What weakly you persuade, would you could force,
To stir my Dulness, 'tis the likeliest course.
Sometimes th'abuse good for the Bearer's held ;
And surely I were happy, if compell'd.
But rather, let's surpafs our young Desires ;
A little Water quells new-kindl'd Fires.
A Stranger's Love's unfixt, with him it flies,
Or when we think it most secure, it dies.

Hypsiphile and *Ariadne* stand
Sad Proofs against wedding Men of Foreign Land.
And you, unfaithful Man ! are also said
These many Years t'have left *Oenone*'s Bed :
You can't deny't, I boldly say't, and know
More of your Actions than you think I do.
And say, you constant would in Love remain,
You can't, the *Phrygians* would fetch you again.
And while you talk, and for that hoped Night
Provide, d'you know the Wind will then stand
(right ?

When half Seas o'er, and glutted with your Prey,
The blustering Winds will blow your Love away.
Shall I then go to *Troy* your Court to see ?
Shall I great *Laomedon*'s Grandchild be ?
I slight not so the noise of flying Fame,
To spot my Country with eternal Shame.
Pray what will *Sparte* ? what will *Achaia* say ?
What *Asia*'s Nations ? what your very *Troy* ?
What will judge *Priam* of me ? what his Queen ?
What all your Matrons, and your *Trojan* Kin ?

And

And could your self e'er think that I'd be true,
If I should once do such a thing with you ?
When any Stranger (tho' by chance) you hear
Comes to your Port, he'll give you cause to fear.
How often, angry, you'll Adulteress cry ?
Forgetting you are guilty, more than I.
You'll be both Author, and condemn the Crime;
O let me die, e'er live to see the time.
But I shall all your *Trojan* Wealth enjoy,
And you your Gifts will greater make than say.
You'll give me Purple for my Princely Dress,
And heaps of Gold you talk I shall possess.
Your Pardon, if I say't, my Country's Love
Does draw me back, more than your Offers move.
Whom shall I call, if wrong'd, upon your Shoar ?
What Brothers, or what Fathers help implore ?
Fair Promises false *Jason* to his Spouse
Medea made, whom he expell'd his House.
No *Etes*, nor *Ipsca* then was by,
No Friend, to whom, in her Distress to fly,

Such Dealing I suspect not, nor did she ;
The fairest hopes are sometimes foil'd you see.
Thote Ships we hear so often cast away,
At setting Sail, had calm and gentle Sea.
The Torch does also fright, which before
Your Birth, your frightened Mother dreamt she bore.
And I do dread, what Prophets do forewarn,
That Grecian Flames your Town of *Troy* shall burn.
As Venus is your Friend, 'cause she obtain'd
Her Suit by you, and double Trophy gain'd :
So those I fear, whom (if your Boast be true)
In their appeal, your Sentence overthrew.
And certain 'tis, War follows, if I fly,
And clashing Swords our Love will soon unty.
Did not *Hippodameia Athrax* stir,
Against the *Centaurus*, to a bloody War ?
Can *Menelaus*, think you, tamely hush
Th'Affront? my Brothers, and King *Tyndarus*?
And tho' you boast your Valour, at your Sword,
Your Face, methink, does contradict your Word.

You seem more fit for *Venus*, than for *Mars* ;
Let *Paris* love, and others follow Wars.
Let *Hector*, whom you praise, his War pursue ;
There is another Warfare fit for you.
In that your Skill I've half a Mind to try ;
A wifer Lady would, and why not I ?
Or else, perhaps, 'twere better quit the Field,
And e'en to you my conquer'd Hand to yield.
Whereas you pray we may of these Things treat
In private ; I know what you would be at.
But you're too quick, you'd reap before you've sown ;
Perhaps your stay makes for you, tho' unknown,
These Secrets of my guilty Mind I send
To you ; and thus my weary Pen does end.
We by *Clymene* may the rest confer,
Or *Aethra*, both my Friends and Council are.

A new

200 A

A
New Translation
o f
VIRGIL'S
Sixth Æneid,
A N D
Fourth Eclogue.

86

поиски Титанов

VARYGIES

Sixth Edition

John D. Chodorus

THE P R E F A C E.

Having a Book, in a forwardness for the Press, relating to the Symbolical Theology of the Gentiles ; and Virgil being known to have been critically learned in that kind ; and the most learned parts of his Works thereunto relating being his Sixth Æneid and Fourth Eclogue , it entred into my Thoughts lately to peruse them : And on the perusal, conceiving I should more clearly possess my self of his Sense, by a Translation, than by a cursary Reading, I applied my self to it ; and such as it is, have now permitted it to the Press : And conceive, as to the main, it may appear to an indifferent Reader, more easy, and more clearly comprehending Virgil's Sense, than Mr. Ogylby's ; whose Notes with others, for Illustration, the Reader may make use of, if he pleases, it being beside my present Business to make Comments ; and Virgil, taking him either in the Original, or in any Translation, being unintelligible in many Places without good Assistance in that kind, he presupposing much Learning in a Reader. As for Mr. Dryden's Translation of Virgil, I must own, I heard it was extant before I set upon mine ; but

but I could not get sight of it in the Country where I then was. As I have look on some parts of it since, I cannot pretend to have giv'n Virgil that Lustre, in what I have translated of him, which Mr. Dryden, by his more copious way of Expression, has done, I having generally endeavonr'd to hold way with Virgil Verse for Verse. However, in regard I look on Virgil as an Author, which may be set in several Lights by Translators, for making him more clearly intelligible, I have not with-held the small part I have translated from the Publick.

f. B.

The

The Sixth Book of Virgil's Æneids.

T^Hus weeping speaks, and sets his Fleet to Sea,
 And came t' *Æuboean Cuma* 'n Italy.
 Their Prows they Sea-wards turn, with Anchors
 moor,

(Shoar.

Their Ships ; whose Bow-built Sterns front all the
 The crowding Youth with eager Spirit lands,
 Some striking Fire with Flints, the wild Beasts dens
 Some storm for Wood, fresh Rivers some descry ;
 Mean while *Æneas*, fam'd for Piety,
Apollo's Temple minds, his Thoughts are on
 The Sibyll's Cave, and dread recess, by none
 Approacht, but with an awful Terror ; where
Apollo future Truths makes known to her,
 Inspiring an excess of Mind : And so,
 To Trivia's Groves, and *Phæbus* Tow'r they go.

Dæd'lus,

Dæd'lus, t'escape from *Minos* (as they say)
Daring with Wings in th'Air to make his way,
By course, before unheard of, Northward past,
And gently pitch'd on *Chalcis* Tow'r, at last.
Affoon's arriv'd, *Phæbus* ! his Wings to you
And Art he sacred made, and Temple now.
In front of which *Androgeus* Death was carv'd ;
And, as to *Athens* 'twas a Pain reserv'd
To pay sev'n pairs of Children yearly ; there
Stands Pot, and Lot's drawn for them, ev'ry year.
On th' opp'site part *Crete* stands above the Sea,
Where's seen the curst Love of *Pasiphae*,
And how, by slight, the Bull she underlay.
Here's the mixt Race, and biform *Minotaure*,
All Mon'ments of nefarious Lust : And here
The *Lab'rinth* whence none ever could get clear.
Tho *Dæd'lus* finding *Ariadne* involv'd
In desp'rate Love, through Pity once resolv'd
The Craft-contrived Windings of the Maze,
By guidance of a Thread through all its ways.

And

And *Ic'rus*, you, had Grief gi'en way, good part
In this great Work had had : Your chance by Art,
Your Father twice essay'd t'engrave in Gold ;
Twice his Hand faild him, and his Heart grew cold.
Soon had they view'd all ; but *Achates* sent
Before, return'd with her for whom he went
Deiphobe, *Glaucus*'s Daughter, Priestess, both
To *Trivia* and *Phæbus* : Who t'*Æneas* faith,
T'his is no time such Sights to view : But now
'Tis fit you slay sev'n Stieres, untrayn'd to Plow,
As many Sheep, chosen as our Laws allow.

This said t'*Æneas*, done without delay,
The *Trojans*, call'd to Temple, all obey ;
A mighty Cave, but in the Mountains side,
To which an hundred ways, and Gates do guide.
Whence hundred Voices, *Sibyll*'s Answers pass.
They came to th'entrance ; when the Virgin says,
Time calls t'enquire of Fate, Lo ! God appears,
And saying thus, straitway before the Doors,

Her Count'rance and her Colour chang'd ; her Hair
 Dechevell'd flew ; her Breast, as wanting Air,
 And fill'd with Sacred Rage, does pant, and swell :
 And now she seems self-greater, and to tell
 Things more than human : Being more nearly
 (inspir'd

She cries, *Aeneas* ! don't you, as requir'd,
 Your Vows and Prayers offer ? For, till then,
 In this Stupendious House, no or'cle's gi'en.
 This said, she stopt : The *Trojans* quake with fear ;
Aeneas then, pour'd forth this hearty Pray'r.

O *Phæbus* ! always pitting Hardships sent
 On *Trojans* ! who did guide the Dart was bent
 By *Paris* at *Achilles* : By your Hand
 Being guided, Seas surrounding Tracts of Land
 Of vast extent I've entred ; past the *Moors*
 Remotest bounds, and all their sandy Shoars.
 And now, tho' baulked long, we're hither come,
 So far pursu'd still by our *Trojan* doom.

And now the *Trojans* you of right shou'd spare,
All Gods and Goddesses, who ever were
Displeas'd with *Troy*, and *Trojan* Glory : 'nd you
Most holy Priestess ! knowing things t'ensue,
(Since I ask nothing to my Fates undue ; }
Tell us the *Trojans*, and tost Gods of *Troy*,
And wand'ring Deities, *Latium* shall enjoy ;
To *Trivia* 'nd *Phæbus* Temples then I'll raise
Of Marble, and in's Name set Holy Days :
And in my Kingdoms Sacred Structures I
Will build to keep your Books of destiny,
And secret Fates foretold my Nation ; and
Choice Men appoint, as Sacred, for that end.
Only I wou'd, you write them not, lest they
To rapid Winds become a sport and prey, }
But speak them : Ending thus what he shou'd say,

Now she impatient *Phæbus* yet to bear
Within the Cave does rage, and strives to clear

Her loaded Breast of him ; still he the more
 Her raging Heart and Mouth does over pow'r
 And toyls her, and so works to tempet meet.
 And now the Temples hundred Gates, which yet
 Were clos'd, flie ope of their accord ; and thro'
 Them flie the *Sibyll's* Answers, thus. O you !
 Who now have past all dangers on the main,
 Were fated for you ; know there still remain
 On Land far greater : *Trojans* shall posses
Lavinia's Kingdom (doubt you not of this)
 But they'll wish not t'have come, Wars horrid.

(Wars,

I see, and *Tyber* foaming with much Blood.
Simois and *Xanthus* here you'll find made good ;
 And *Dorique* Tents : And an *Achilles* now
 In *Latium's* born ; and of a Goddess too.
 Nor will the *Trojans* (go they where they please)
 Be without *Juno* : When, in your distress ;
 You were suppliant to what Countries here
 And Towns did you not sue for aid ? Be sure

A for-

A forreign Wife, and extern Match will be
The cause again of so much Misery.
But boldly stem Misfortunes, yield to none,
What scarce you'd think, your entrance to this
(Crown)
Will first be shewn you from a *Grecian* Town.

The *Sibyll* utters, with such Words as these,
From th'or'cle, dread ambiguous Prophesies,
Resounding in the Cave ; *Apollo* so
The raging Virgin stimulates to do.
Assoon's her Fury ceas'd, and Rage was o're,
Æneas thus begins. O Virgin pure !
No unexpected face of toyls, or new,
Can rise to me ; my Mind has all in view.
I beg this one thing (since they say the Gate
Of Hell is here, and that Infernal Lake
Of *Acheron*) vouchsafe that I go see,
And speak with my dear Father : You, I pray,

Be guide, and ope those Sacred Gates ; for I
Have snatch'd him from the midst of th'Enemy ;
And, on these Shoulders, born him thro' the Fire
And thousand Darts pursuing in the rear.
And he again, in Voyages with me,
Being weak, has born all Hardships of the Sea,
Indeed, beyond his Strength, and ag'd decay.

Nay, and, with great Intreaty, he did press,
My humble waiting on you, and Address.
Pray pity then the Father, and the Son,
O Virgin ! all's in you ; 'tis not in vain
Hecate plac'd you o're *Avernus* Grove
If *Orpheus*, playing on his Harp, cou'd move
His Wives return from Hell : If from the Earth
Pollux, his Brother by alternate Death,
Redeem'd, what shall I of *Alcides* say,
And *Theseus*? I'm from *Jove*, as well as they.
Thus th'*Hero* pray'd, and th'Altar held ; to whom
The *Sibyll* thus began. O you that come
Of heav'nly Race ! It's easy going to Hell :
Black *Dis*'s Gates, we know, are open still :

But

But to return, and rise to the bright Sun,
Here lies the toilsome Work : Few this have done
Whom *Jove* has lov'd, or ardent Vertues raiſe
Us to the Skies, or God-born Men : The ways
That lie betwixt, with Woods are all beset,
And dread *Cocytus* close surrounds the Pit ;
But if your Mind be ſuch, ſo great your Zeal,
To visit twice the *Stygian* Lakes, and Hell,
And this mad Labour needs you'll undergo,
Then learn of me what firſt you have to do.
Within a dark thick-shaded Tree lies hid
A *Bow* with Golden Leaves, and pliant Twig
T'Infernal *Juno* Sacred ; this the whole
Grove covers, and dark Vally Shades withal :
But none the cov'rings of the Earth can paſſ,
Till he this *Golden Bow* ſhall firſt poſſeſſ,
This preſent to her ſelf *Proſerpine* claims,
If one be gather'd, ſtrait another comes,
Which Branches with ſuch Leaves as th'other did.
Then ſeekt with care, and finding where 'tis hid,

Take't with your Hand ; for if you're call'd by Fate,
 'Twill come with ease ; if not you ne're can have't
 With all your Strength ; e'en Iron then's in vain.
 Beside, while here you stand, your Suit to gain
 A friend of yours, ah ! don't you know't ? lies dead ; }
 Whose Corps pollutes your Fleet : First carry'd
 T'its proper place, let it be bury'd ; }
 Take black Beasts with you ; let them expiate
 Before you do't ; then guided by your Fate
 The Stygian Groves, and Kingdoms you shall view,
 Unpast by Men, this said, she silent grew.

Æneas sad, with down-cast look, goes on,
 Leaving the Cave, and much self-musing on
 Those blind Events : With whom his faithful
 (Friend,
Achates goes, with no less plodding Mind.
 Much 'twixt themselves they talk'd, what Friend
 (was dead,
 Whose Corps the *Sibyll* wou'd have bury'd.

And

And on the dry Shoar, as they came, they see
Misenus slain, by unmeet Destiny.
Misenus, sprung of *Aëlus*, famed for
His Trumpet, bravely stirring Men to War ;
At *Troy*, Companion to great *Hector*, where
He bravely serv'd, with Trumpet, and with Spear.
When *Hector* by *Achilles* Sword was slain,
This Hero with *Aeneas* join'd again,
Making his Post as great as it was then.

But sounding's Trumpet on the Shoar for skill,
Rashly presuming Gods to Contest call,
A Rival *Triton* (if like Truth it sounds)
This Man, 'mong Rocks, in foaming Waters drowns.
All therefore, round him, much lament and cry,
Most good *Aeneas*, and without delay,
The *Sibyll*'s Will perform ; contend to raise
His Fun'ral Pile, with Trees, up to the Skies.
An ancient Wood they enter, horrid Den
Of wild Beasts, down the pitch Trees fall amain.
The Holm, with Axes struck, within the Grove
Resounds ; the Oak and Ash abroad are clove

With

With Wedges ; from the Mountains rowling fall
 Wild-Ashes of a mighty Bulk : In all
 This Work *Aeneas* foremost, cheers his Men,
 And, by's Example, moves them to go on.
 And sadly musing on these Things, as he
 The Wood beheld, he thus began to pray.
 Would now, in this great Wood, that *Golden*
Bow } you,
 Would shew it self ; since all Things said of
Misenus ! by the *Sybill*, prove too true.

Scarce had he said this, when before his Eyes,
 Two Doves, as chanc'd, came flying from the Skies
 And on the green Soil pitcht ; the *Hero* then
 Knew's Mothers Birds ; and joyous, pray'd agen,
 O ! if there's any way, be you my Guide,
 Direct my Course, as thro' the Air you glide
 Into those Groves ; whose fertil Soil, the *Bow*
 So fam'd does shade : And you, fair Parent ! now
 Forsake me not in this Distress : This said,
 He walkt observing all the Signs they made ;

Whi.

Whither they feeding tended ; they in Flight
Went on, as not to lose the Foll'wers sight.
And, as they came t' *Avernus* stinking side,
In moment rais'd, they thro' the *Aether* glide,
And take their wish'd Seat on the biform Tree,
Whence Gold its various Colours did display.
As Mistletoe in Winter-time is known
With Leaves to flourish, from Seed, not its own,
And twine its yellow Branches round the Limbs ;
In this thick-shaded Holm the Gold such seems,
Such rustling noise its Leaves make by the Winds,
Aeneas grasps it strait, with greedy Hand,
And gather'd, goes the *Sibyll* to attend.
Mean while, the *Trojans* on the Shoar, bewail
Misenus ; nothing in last Duties fail.
First, of cleft Oak, and pitchy Woods they build
A mighty Pile ; whose Sides are stuck and fill'd
With mourning Bowes , the Front with Cypress
(drest
On top, t'adorn it, shining Arms are plac'd.

Some

Some in Brass-vessels Water heat, and wash
The dead Corps, and anoint it ; then they pass
A mourning Out-cry ; then lay't on a Bed,
And with rich Purple-cloaths its covered.
Some the sad Office undergo, the Hearse
To bear ; and, as of old, with Face averse
Their Totch apply ; much Frankencense withal
They burn, delicious Meats, and Pots with Oil.
After the Ashes fell, and Flame had ceast,
The Relicks they with Wine, and th'Embers washt.
And *Choryneus* put, in Urn of Brass,
The remnant Bones ; and his Associates.
Thrice sprinkled round, and purg'd, with Water
And peaceful Olive-branch ; so all was o'er. (pure
But good *Aeneas*, as the Custom was,
Rais'd him a mighty Tomb : For Arms did place
An Oar and Trumpet, near a Mountain high,
Misenius call'd from him ; and e'er will be.
This done, the *Sibyll's* Orders he forthwith
Accomplishes ; there was a vast deep Cave

With

With dreadful Mouth, strew'd with rough littl:
(Stones,

Woods and a black Lake guard it, as its bounds ;
O'er which no Birds, without much danger fly,
Such Breath from its dark Mouth mounts to the Sky.
From whence the Greeks, *Avernus* nam'd this Lake.
Here first he plac'd four Stieres of Colour black,
And Wine the Priest pow'rd on their Foreheads,
then (grown

Took the stiff Hairs which 'twixt their Horns were
And as first Off'rings, on the sacred Fire,
Lays them, loud calling *Hecate*, whose Pow'r
Is great Heav'n and Hell. Some with their Knife
The Victim slay, and the warm Blood receive
In Bowles. *Aeneas* slays with's Sword a Lamb
Black-colour'd to the Fury's Mother, and
Her Sister great. A barren Cow to you
Proserpine. Then might Altars drest anew
To *Pluto*: Th'Oxen's Flesh then on the Flames
He lays, and pours on Oil as it consumes.

And

And now, behold ! about Sun-rising th'Earth
Under their Feet began to groan, therewith
The Woods to move ; and thro' the Shades they see
The howlings Dogs, the Goddess drawing nigh.
The Sibyll cries, far now, O far be gone
From this whole Grove, you Men that are profane.
And you, with Sword in Hand, come on your way,
Aeneas now your Courage you must try.
This said, with sacred Rage into the Cave
She rusht, whom he attends, as fearless brave.
You Gods who Souls command, you silent Shades,
Chaos, and *Phleg'ton*, Places where resides
Perpetual Night: Let me, impow'r'd by you,
Speak things I've heard, in darkness drown'd till now.
They went benighted thro' dark shaded ways,
And *Dis* his Kingdom, where no Body was.
As is the passage thro' a Wood by Night,
When neither Moon nor Stars give any Light,
And darkness takes all Colours from the Sight.
Before the entrance, and first Mouth of Hell,
Grief and revenging Thoughts have plac'd their Cell.

There

There pale Diseases, sad old Age, and Fear,
Base Want, and ill-advising Hunger were
All dreadful Forms to see : And Death and Toil,
And Death's near Kinsman, drowsy Sleep, and all
Mind's sinful Joys : And on the opp'site side
Stands deadly War ; the *Fury's* Iron-bed,
And senseless *Discord* ; who Serpentine Hair,
With bloody Hair-lace interwove, does wear.
In midst, a vast thick-shaded Elm displays
Its ancient Branches, where (as Rumour says)
Vain Dreams reside ; and stick to all the Leaves.
Monsters beside, of many kinds, with these
Stand at the doors ; the biform *Scylla*'s there,
The *Centaures*, and the strong *Briareus* were.
There th'*Hydra*, the *Chimera*, *Gorgons*, and
The *Harpies*, with Tree-bodied *Geryon* stand.
Æneas here, with sudden Fright, being scar'd,
Presents his Sword, and stands upon his Guard.
And if the *Sibyll* had not told him, they
Were airy Souls, which such like Shapes display,
H'dad vainly strove with's Sword, the Ghost to slay.

Hence

Hence leads the way to *Ach'rons* Waters, here
A vast-foul-muddy Whirl-pool-gulfe boils o'er,
Into *Cocytus* spewing all its Sands.

The nasty Boatman *Charon* here attends
These Streams, and horrid Water he commands:
Appearing with great hoary-careless Beard
And flaming Eyes; his Cloths with Dirt besmear'd
Hang down from's Shoulders, by a Knot secur'd:
With Oar and Sails his Vessel still he plies,
And Bodies in's dark-colour'd Boat conveys
Grown old; but as a God, in Strength seems young,
Here, on the Banks, the crowding Shadows throng.
Women and Men, the Ghosts of *Heroes*, Boys,
Girls, Children dead before their Parents Eyes:
As thick as Leaves, in Autumn, fall in Woods,
Or, from the Main, to land come Flocks of Birds,
When Winter drives them from beyond the Seas,
And sends them where they may enjoy warm Ease.
The first come, begging to be Ferry'd o'er,
With Hands stretcht out, desiring th' other Shoar.

But

But the rough Boat-man sometimes into's Boat
Takes these, or those, and leaves some others out.

Aeneas, wondring at the crowding Ghosts,
Says, Virgin! what's this Concourse on these Coasts?
What seek these Souls? Why do some leave the

(Shoar,
And others, on these Waters, ply their Oar?

To whom the Sibyll briefly thus replies ;
Anchises Son, true Off-spring of the Skies.

You see Cocyts, and the Stygian Lake,
By which, being sworn, their Oath Gods dare not

(break.

This Crowd, you see, is of unbury'd Men,
The Boat-man's Charon, those on Water seen,

Are bury'd; nor can any Ghosts before
Pass from these horrid Banks to th'other Shoar.

They rove an hundred Years about this place;
At length admitted, come with Joy, to pass.

Aeneas stood, then walk'd with plodding Mind,
Pitying th'hard Fate such Persons did attend.

He saw there sad, and wanting Burial right

Leucaspis, and *Orontes* by his side,

The *Lycian* Captain: In their Course from *Troy*
Both with their Ship, by South-wind, cast away.

And, Lo! the Steers-man *Palinurus* there;

Who, as, by Stars, from *Lybia* he did Steer,

Fell head-long from his Stern, when half Seas o'er.

Afsoon's *Eneas* knew him 'mongst the Shades,

He thus bespeaks him first. Who of the Gods,

O *Palinurus*! took you from us, and

Drown'd in the Sea? Let me this understand,

Apollo in no Answ're fail'd, but this,

Who told me you were safe upon the Seas,,

And should arrive in *Italy*. Is't thus

He keeps his word? Then *Palinurus* said,

Apollo's Or'cle has not you deceiv'd.

For as the Stern I held, our Course to steer

Broke off, by chance, thro' my much toyling there,

I drew it with me, as I head-long fell:

And by tempestuous Seas I swear withal.

Less fear then feiz'd me for my self, than left
Your Ship its Stern, and Master having lost,
Shou'd founder, with those turgid Waves being
(tost.)

Three bitter Nights a violent South-wind blew,
And drove me o'er vast Seas : With much ado,
The fourth of *It'ly* I got sight, as on
High Waves I lay ; then made to Land, and soon
Arriv'd secure : But cruel People there,
As I came clogg'd with Garments wet to Shoar,
And held a Rock, fell on me, Arms in hand
As thinking some rich booty they had gain'd.
Now on the Shoar, by Winds I'm tost about,
And therefore beg by Heav'n's sweet Air and Light,
Your Father, and *Jule's* rising hope, you'll free
Me from these Ills ; and that you bury me,
(For you may do't) and search all *Velia's* Port ;
Or if some other way Heav'n shews you for't,
(For I believe, without Heav'n's Aid, you ne'er
Came to this *Stygian* Lake, and Rivers here)

Vouchsafe a Wretch your help, and now convey
Me o'er these Waters with you ; that I may
A quiet Seat, in Death, at least enjoy.

Thus having spoke, the *Sibyll* said, I admire
Whence *Palinurus* ! comes this curst Desire,
Wou'd you, unbury'd, pass the *Stygian* Lake,
And *Fury's* Streams, these Banks unbid forsake ?

Hope not by Suit to change the Gods decree,
But take this comfort of your Chance from me.

The Bord'rers, far and near, by Judgments, forc'd
From Heav'n, shall expiate your Bones on their

(Coast,
Erect a Tomb, pay Fun'ral Rites, and e're
Fam'd *Palinurus* name the place shall bear
By these her Words his troublous Thoughts being

(eas'd,

He with the Surname, giv'n the place was pleas'd.
They then go on, and near the River came,
Whom *Charon*, who from's *Stygian* Lake had seen
A far off passing in the silent Wood,
Their Course directing to the place he stood,

Thus

Thus first assails with Words, and freely chides,
Who e'er you are come arm'd t'our River sides,
Say why you come, and make a stand there right;
This is the Place of Ghosts, sleep, drowsy night.
I may not pass live Bodies in my Boat,
Nor was I pleas'd *Alcides* came into't.
Nor *Theseus* and *Pirithous*, tho' sprung
All from the Gods ; and Men would yield to none.
He sought, with's Strength, Hell's keeper to subdue,
And from K. *Pluto*'s Throne him trembling drew; }
And these his Queen from's Chamber would have }
The *Sibyll* briefly thus to him reply'd ; (too.
Here's no such Treason ; Anger lay aside.
Our Arms are meer Defence ; Hell's keeper's free,
Barking, to awe the Ghosts eternally.
Let chaste *Proserpine* keep her Uncle's Room ;
Aeneas, who for Zeal and Arms is known,
Sprung of *Troy*'s Royal Blood, is hither come. }
To see his Father, in the Shades below ;
If no respect such Piety you shew ;

You know this Bow (so ope's her Garment where
'Twas hid) and seen, his Passion strait was o'er.
No more being said: The fatal Gift h'admires,
Not seen before for many many Years.
And sets his tawny Boat close to the Shoar,
Thence driving all the Ghosts stood there before,
And clearing's Seats, in's wicker Vessel took
The stout *Aeneas*; whereupon it shook,
And crackt, and let much Water in: Tho' still
On th'other Shoar he landed them, at Will,
On Mudd, and Marshy Weeds, the Coast do fill.
The monstrous three-mouth'd *Cerb'rus* in a Den
There opp'site barking, makes the Country ring.
To whom, being frightful to Spectators view,
With Snakes about his Neck, the *Sibyll* threw
A *Bolus*, made of Drugs to her well known,
With Hony mixt; which strait he swallow'd down,
And on the Ground, with this, he reeling fell,
Extending's mighty Body o'er the Cell.
Hell's Ward's asleep, *Aeneas* th'Entrance seiz'd,
Leaving the Lake, which no Man e'er repast.

Just entring, Voices and great Cries they hear
Of Children: Infants Souls stand wailing there,
Who sweet Life scarce enjoy'd, but from the Breast
Were forc'd by Fate; and sent to their long Rest.
Next these are Men unjustly judg'd to die,
Tho' not without their lotted Destiny.
Th'Inquis'tor *Minos* bears the Lot-pot, he
Ghost-Juries calls Mens Lives and Crimes to try.
The next are such, who, tho' no Crimes they had,
Life hating thro' Despair, themselves destroy'd,
And threw their Souls away; what would they do,
Life to regain? what Hardships undergo?
But Fate withstands it, and the Lake them bounds,
And *Styx*'s Waters nine times them surrounds.
Not far from hence; as far as th'Eye can reach,
The mourning Fields lay round; they name
(them such;
In secret Av'nues and a Myrtle Grove.
Here Persons stand, brought to their ends by Love;
Whose restless Cares e'en Death it self survive.

Here he lees *Phædra*, ²nd *Procris*, and the sad
Esiphyle, who shews the Wounds she had
From her own Son. *E Kadne* here he saw,
Pasiphae, and *Laodamia* ;
And *Cæneus*, who at first a Girl had been
And then a Man, a Woman then agen.

Mongst whom *Phænician Dido*, in the Wood
Walkt as the rest ; her Wounds all fresh with Blood.
Whom, when *Æneas*, as he near her came,
Got sight of thro' the dark Shades ; as a Man
Sees, or, imagines that he sees the Moon
Just turn'd the new, thro' cloudy Skies ; he weeps
And thus with tender Love his Mistres greets.
Unhappy *Dido* ! a true Message then,
Was brought me ; you are dead, with Dagger slain.
Alas ! I caus'd your Death ; by Heav'n I swear
And Gods above ; and if ought Faith be here,
Twas'gainst my Will, O *Queen* ! I left your Shoar.
By Gods commands I did it ; which compell
Me now, to pass these darksome Shades of Hell

Thro'

Thro' loathsome rotten Ways: Nor could believe
My parting from you would cause so much Grief.
Pray stay, and go not from me, whom d'you fly?
This is the last Thing I to you can say.

With such like Words he strove her angry Meen
And fretted Soul t'appease, and wept agen.

She turn'd her Head, and on the Ground her Eyes
She fixt, no more concern'd at all he says,
Than might a Flint, or th'hardest Stone that is,
At length she starts, and to the shady Wood
She swiftly passt, where her *Sichæus* stood,
Who Love for Love return'd in high degree.

And ne'ertheless *Aeneas* mov'd to see
Her ill chance, follows weeping all the way.

Thence he proceeds, with Zeal, the Fields to view,
For famous Warriors lotted: There he knew
Tydeus, the fam'd *Parthenopeus*; and
Adraustus pale Ghost there he saw to stand.
The noble *Trojans*, who in Battle fell,
He viewing all in order, did bewail

Glaucus

Glaucus, Medon, Thersilocus, with these
Antenor's three Sons, and *Polybetes*.

The Priest of *Ceres*; and *Ideus*, who
His Arms and Chariot holds in's Hand, e'en now.
The crowding Souls on Right and Left surround,
With one sight of him not content, they stand,
And fain would know why he came to their Land.
The *Trojan* Nobles, and great Army there
Of *Agamemnon*, seeing him appear
With Arms bright shining in the Shades, began
To quake with Fear, and part of them to run,
As living they ran to their Ships; some try'd
To raise their low-still Voice, and loud t'have cry'd,
And stood, their Mouths all vainly gaping wide.
And here he saw *Deiph'bus* mangled sore;
His Face disfigur'd, and his Body tore,
His Nose cut off, his Ears, his Hands; that he,
Striving withal that none his Maims should see
Thro' Shame, could scarce be known: But strait
Eneas, calling him by's Name, thus said.

Valiant *Deiphobus*, sprung of *Troy*'s great Blood ;
What cruel Man would use you in this sort ?
Or, whom would God permit to do't ? I heard
That you being wear'ed with the Slaughter great
You made of *Grecians*, in *Troy*'s fatal night,
Dy'd on the Heap, among the Crowd confus'd,
Then I my self a Mon'ment for you rais'd
On *Rhaetia*'s Coast, and loudly thrice did call
Your Ghost : The Place your Name and Arms has
(still.)

But Friend ! I could not see you, and Interr
In your own Country, as 'twas my desire.

Deiph'bus then, on your part nothing's left,
Dear Friend ! you've done my Ghost all Fun'rall
(right.)

'Twas my Fate, and *Lacena*'s Cruelty
Brought on me this ; she left these Marks on me.
For, as we pass't that last night in false Joys :
You know't; and can't but too well mind how 'twas
When th'Horse by Fate pass't o'er th'high Walls of
And armed Men, in's Bowels, did convey. (*Troy*,

She

She, feigning *Bacchus* Feast to celebrate,
Led *Trojan* Women with her thro' the Street.
And bore her self a mighty Torch, as chief,
And from a Tower the *Greeks* a Signal gave.
Then I, with Labours tir'd, requiring Rest,
Lay in my Bed, with sound Sleep being opprest.
My exc'lent Wife, this while my Arms convey'd
From th'House, and e'en the Sword lay at my Head:
Brings *Menelaus* in; and ope's my Door,
Hoping, 'tis like, his Kindness thus t'ensure,
And purgethose Crimes she had incur'd before.
In short, in rusht the *Greeks*, and with them came
Ulysses, much encouraging their Crime:
Which Heav'n's revenge; if I may wish the same.
Now, in return, pray tell me what has brought
You here alive? Have stormy Seas it wrought?
Or God's Commands? or what Chance might it be
Which mov'd you these dark mournful Shades to
While thus they talkt, *Aurora*'s ruddy Steeds (see?)
Mid Heav'n had passt; she in her Course proceeds.

And

And hap'ly now the time allow'd being gone,
The *Sibyll* gives this Admonition.

Æneas ! Night comes on, we time protract,
Here is the place, the way in two does part.

The right, which goes hard by great *Dis* his Wall,
Our way t'*Elysium* 'tis : The left, for Ill
Has Punishments, and leads t'ungracious Hell.

Deiph'bus then. Great Priestess ! be not mov'd
I'll go ; the time requir'd, keep to my Shade.

Adieu, our Glory ! happy'r Fate enjoy,
This said, forthwith he turns himself away.

Æneas strait looks up : And near a Rock
On's left hand saw, a mighty three-wall'd Fort ;
Which rapid *Phleg'ton*, with its scorching Flames
Surrounds, and roaring throws up massy Stones.

There fronting stands a mighty Iron Gate
With Pillars, all of massy Diamond made
Which Men nor Angels can with Iron cut ;
An high rais'd Tower there is, where Night and

(Day

In Bloody Robes still sits *Tisiphone*,

Who

Who sleeplesſ keeps the Porch. Thence cries are
 (heard,

And Lashings most severe, and Noises made
 By moving Chains, and Irons causing dread
Eneas stood, and frighted heard the Noise,
 Then said. O Virgin ! pray what Crimes are
 (theſe ?

With what Pains punish'd ? Whose are all these
 (Cries ?

The *Sibyll* then says thus. Great *Trojan* King !
 No Entrance here to Pious Men is gi'en.
 But I being plac'd here o'er *Avernus* Groves,
 These Pains, and all to me *Hecate* shews.
 Here *Rhadamanthus* rules, with Laws severe,
 Hears and Chastiseth Crimes, and forces here
 Men to confess whate'er on Earth they did,
 Which ought be purg'd, and vainly strove to hide.
 'Tis here *Tisiph'ne*, set Revenge to take,
 With Whip insulting makes the Guilty quake.
 And dreadful Serpents shakes with her left Hand,
 And summons her fierce Sisters to attend.

And

And now, with horrid Noise, the dreadful Doors
 Fly ope. You see what Keeper them secures.
 What Ghastly Form stands there: Within does sit
 An *Hydra* much more terr'ble, gaping wide
 With fifty Black Mouths: *Tartarus* self does shew
 As deep and wide under the Shades to go,
 As twice from Earth to Heav'n seems to our view.
 Here th'ancient Race of th'Earth, young *Titans*

(dwell,

Being Thunder-struck, in deepest part of Hell.
 Here I the Twins *Aloidae* saw, vast Men,
 Who strove from Heav'n *Jove* with their Hands
 (t'have thrown.

And here I saw *Salmoneus* Torment great
 Endure, who strove *Jove*'s Thunder t'imitate,
 And Lightning; carry'd with four Horses, and
 His Torches shaking, as, in Triumph Grand,
 He pass'd, 'mongst Greeks, in midst of *Elis* Town
 Requiring God-like Honours shou'd be shewn.



Mad

Mad Man, who, Clouds and Lightning none can
(feign,

Acted on Brass, with trampling Horses train.

But mighty *Jove* from boyling Clouds then threw

A Thunder-bolt : No smoaky Torch for shew :

And so the bold presuming Rebel flew.

And *Tityon*, here is seen, that Child of th'Earth,

Whose Body in length nine Acres covereth,

And that huge Vultur, which with's crooked Bill,

On's Liver feeds, which as 'tis growing still.

He feasting still devours ; so *Tityon's* Pain

For ever with his Liver will remain.

What of the *Lapithæ*, and *Ixion* here

Remains to say ? And of *Pirithous*, or

Of those o'er whom a black Flint hangs, as tho'

Still falling on them ? or of others, who

Have Golden Tables, all with Dainties set,

In Princely manner, tempting them to eat ;

The greatest of the *Fury's* standing by,

Forbidding them their Lands thereon to lay ;

And rising with her Torch, them to dismay ?

Here

Here stand, expecting Punishment, all those
Their Brethren hated, or strove to depose
Their Parents living, Clients of their right
Cheated ; or making Gold their sole delight,
No Friends reliev'd ; as 'tis the use of most.
And those who for Adult'ry Life have lost.
And who in Wars unjust engag'd ; and Men
Who fear'd not break the Faith their Masters gi'en.
Ask not to know, what Pains all Men endure,
Or for what Crimes, or by what Chance came here.
Some rowl a vast Stone, some hang on a Wheel,
Unhappy *Thesens* sits, and ever will,
Of Wretches chief, exhorts the *Phlegians* all,
And thro' the Shades, with loud Voice, thus does
(call.)
Learn Justice, warn'd ; and Gods not to contemn,
Some sold their Country, Tyrants bringing in,
Who Laws for Mony made, and null'd agen.
Others polluted their own Daughters Bed ;
All daring great Crimes, what they dar'd enjoy'd.

Had I an hundred Mouths and Tongues, withal
 An Iron Voice, I could not run o'er all
 The sorts of Crimes and Torments Men befall.
 When this the *Sibyll* had set forth, she says,
 Now, on your way, do what your Business is.
 Let's hasten, I the Walls behold, and in
 Yond Arch, the doors; both *Cyclops* work have been:
 Where we're requir'd your Present to depose:
 This said, she with him in the Umbrage goes.
 The mid way kept, and soon the Porch drew near;
 Where strait *Aeneas* entred, sprinkling there
 His Body with fresh Water, and his Bow
 Sticks at the Door; so being enjoyn'd to do.
 These things being done; the Goddess present made
 T'a joyous Place they came, and sweet green Shade
 Of th' happy Groves, where blest Souls have their

(Seats,

A large bright *Æther* all the Fields invests,
 With Sun and Stars peculiar to these Parts.
 Some on the Grafs in Manly Sports contend
 For Exercise, some wrestle on the Sand.

Some

Some Sing and Dance; and long-rob'd *Orpheus* there
With's sev'n Note skill, a Counterpart does bear.
And one while with his Fingers, then with's Quill,
Plays the same discant, on his Harp, at Will:
Troy's noble Stock is here, fair Progeny,
Great Hero's, born in better times than we,
Ilus, Assar'cus, Dard'nus, rise of *Troy*.
At distance these the shadd'wy Arms admire,
The Chariots, Spears, which they see fixed there.
The Horses which in Fields loose feed and play.
As in Arms, Chariots, curious Horses they
Were pleas'd alive, the same they still enjoy.
And lo! on Right and Left, she others sees,
Sit on the Grafs, who with Melodies Lays,
Sing Hymns t' *Apollo*, 'mong the fragrant Bays.
Whence large *Erid'nus*, passing thro' the Grove,
With rowling Waves, mounts to the Earth above.
Here valiant Men, who for their Country dy'd,
And Priests, who chastly liv'd, in Joys reside:
And pious Prophets, *Phæbus* had inspir'd,
And those invented Arts, by all admir'd,

And such who others Kindnesses had shown,
All these white Garlands wore about their Crown.

To whom the *Sibyll*, as they rounding stood,
And chiefly to *Museus* (for the Crowd

Him in the midst upon their Shoulders had)
Says thus: O happy Souls! and Prophet you
Anchises Residence, please to let us know.

Thro' his Occasion 'tis, that we come here ;
Hell's mighty River passing without fear.

To her the *Hero* thus, in short, replies,
We've no peculiar Seat ; our Mansion is
In shady Groves, and on the Rivers sides,
And bord'ring Fields. But if your Fancy leads
Ascend this Hill, I'll guide an easy Path.

This said, he goes before, and from above
Shews glorious Fields; whereon the top they leave.

And old *Anchises*, in a Vale beset, (brought
With Hills, and wondrous Green ; Souls thither
Who were t'arrive at Blis, with Care survey'd,
E'en one by one, and took a List of all,
Perhaps, of him descended, or that shall.

Their

Their Fates inspecting, Fortunes, Manners, Pow'r,
And when he saw *Æneas* coming there,
Both's Hands presented, with a welcom Chear
And Tears let fall, and this dropt from his Mouth,
What? come at last, my long expected Youth?
Has Piety stood the Hardship of the Ways?
And may I now discourse you Face to Face?
Indeed I thought so, and that times would come,
Nor has my Care deceiv'd me, counting them.
Thro' what vast Countries, and what mighty Seas
Are you come? and thro' Dangers more than these.
How fear'd I *Lybia* fatal might have prov'd?
Then he, dear Father! your sad Ghost has mov'd,
Appearing oft, my coming to this Land;
My Ships stand on th'*Italian* Coast. Your Hand
I beg; and let's embrace, and be not gone;
This saying, Floods of Tears came trickling down.
Then thrice about his Neck, he strove to cast
His Arms; and thrice the Shadows hold he lost,
As 'tis in Dreams, or with an aery Blast.

Mean while *Aeneas*, in a Secret drove
 At distance, 'spies a private rustling Grove :
 And *Lethe's* River passing by the Seats
 Of Bliss, and Men surrounding these Retreats
 In mighty Crowds, who fill the Place with noise,
 As Bees, when thick in Fields. on Summers Days,
 Gath'ring from Flow'rs their delicious Preys.
Aeneas strait, astonish'd this to see,
 Enquires the Causes ; what this Stream might be,
 And what those Men who there stood crowding by.
 Then old *Anchises*. Souls decreed by Fate
 T'assume new Bodies, drinking here forgot
 All Hardships e'er they underwent in Life.
 'Thas long been my desire, that you should have
 Here Knowledge of all those will spring from me,
 T'encrease your Joy, when come to *Italy*.
 O Father ! may we think ought Souls sublime
 Would pass from hence to th'EARTH, there to resume
 Gros Bodies ? direful such Desire would seem.
 I'll tell you Son, no longer keep in doubt,
Anchises then in order all sets out,

First, th' Air, Earth, Waters, and bright-shining Moon
And all the Stars, a Spirit acts within.

With Mind infus'd thro' all the Mass's parts,
Which the vast Bulk pervades and agitates.

Thence Men, and Beasts of all kinds Life receive,
And Fowles and Monsters which in Seas do live.

A fiery Vigour, and Celestial Birth
Their Seeds uphold, as far as their dull Earth,
And Body's clog, and dying Limbs give way :
Thence spring their Fear, Love-Passion, Grief and

(Joy ;)

Nor blinded thus, can they Life's pureness see.

Nay when, at last, their Life is at end,
Some Vice, and Body's Plagues their Souls attend.
For long contracted Habits strangely stick ;
To purge whose rooted Taint, they to the quick
Are therefore toucht with Pains ; some hung in th'

(Air,

Some in vast Gulphs are washt, some burnt in Fire.
We've all our fated Pains ; and then are sent
To fair Elysium ; few there ever went

Till a compleat revolving course of time
 Their Taint contracted purg'd, and pure from Sin
 Th' Æthereal Spirit left, as first 'thad been.

When they in Blis a thousand Years have pass't,
 God calls them all of *Lethe's* Stream to taste,
 That so forgetful grown, they may review
 The Earth again, and Bodies take anew.

This by *Anchises* said, he takes his Son,
 The *Sibyll* with him, 'mong the crowding Throng
 Gets on an Hillock in the midst ; whence he
 Of all, in order, had an eager View.

Then says, my Son ! I now shall let you know
 Our *Trojan* Race ; what Glory thence may grow.
 Who our Successors are in *Italy*,
 Th' Illustrious Souls, that of our Line shall be,
 And you your Fate withal. That Youth you see
 Leans on his Headless Spear, by Destiny,
 Comes next to Life : 'Tis he the first will rise
 From *It'ly's* mixt Blood to th' Æthereal Skies.

Sylvius, an *Alban* Name, your poth'mous Child,
 Whom your *Lavinia*, our long Race t'uphold,

Shall

Shall bring at length from woods, as King to sway,
Of Kings a Parent. whence our Progeny,
Long *Alba*'s Kingdom shall of right enjoy.

The next him's *Procas*, *Trojan*'s Glory, then
Capys and *Numitor*, and who bears your Name
Sylvius Æneas; who will also be
For Arms as famous, as for Piety,
If *Alba*'s Kingdom ever he attains;

Behold what Courage in their Faces shines.

And how their Temples all are shadow'd round
With Oken City Garlands. These shall found
Nomentum, *Gabii*, *Fidena*, for you,
Collatia, Towns on Mountains built anew
Pomeria, *Novum Castrum*, *Bola* too,
And *Cora*. Then these for their Names shall stand,
They being at present nameless spots of Land.

And martial *Rom'lus* to his Grandsire here
Shall join: His Mother *Ilia* him shall bear.
She springing from *Asarc'us*. See, he's known
By's double topt Helmet, standing on his Crown,
Now markt by's Father *Mars* for great Renown.

Lo, Son ! by him, that famous *Rome* controuls
 For Empire th'Earth, Heav'n equals for great Souls.
 Sev'n Hills, with one Wall, she'll her self inclose,
 In great Men fertile, as *Cybele* shews,
 When crown'd with Castles, thro' the Towns of *Troy*
 She's carry'd in Chariot, with Transports of Joy,
 For num'rous Gods sprungs of her; whom she greets
 At pleasure, all in Heav'n blest with Seats.

Now, both Eyes hither cast, this Lineage see,
 Your *Romans*; *Cæsar*, all the Progeny
 Here of *Julus* stand, that e'er shall be.

This here's the Man, *Augustus Cæsar*, sprung
 From God, who to you has been promis'd long.
 And who agen a Golden Age shall found
 In *Latium*, as when *Saturn* rul'd the Land.

Beyond all *Lybia*, and the Indies he
 His Empire shall extend. A Land does lie
 Out of the Sun's and Planet's Course, where Heav'n,
 Nigh burning Stars on *Atlas* Shoulder's born :
 Which dreads e'en now his coming, mov'd thereto
 By Or'cles Answers, telling what's t'enue.

Like Fear the Caspian and the Scythian Lands,
And Egypt, with its sev'n-mouth'd Nile attends.
Nor had Alcides Conquests such extent,
Tho' he the light-foot Deer in chase out-went.
And Erymanthus Boar in pursuit slew,
And Lernas Hydra with's unerring Bow.
Nor conq'ring Bacchus, who with's Vine-twig Reins,
From Nyfa's top drove Tygers to the Plains.
And fear you now in Italy to land?
And by Exploits, your Glory there t'extend?
But, who is't stands far off, distinguisht by
His Olive-bows and sacred Laws? I spy
His Hair and white Beard, like a Roman King
Who founding Rome, Laws thither first did bring.
Sent from small Cares, a poor Country-Town,
T'an Empire great; where Tullus next will come,
A Man whose Country's idle Peace will break,
And force his sluggish Subjects Arms to take,
And Triumphs, then disus'd, in Field to gain:
Next him Thrasonick Anchus comes to Reign.

Pleas'd,

Pleas'd, even now, too much, with Mens applause,
And will you see the *Tarquin* Kings with these?
The great Soul of revenging *Brutus*, and
The Rods, and Axe, in use brought to the Land?
The Consul's Office he the first shall bear,
And cruel Axe: his Sons for moving War,
Unhaypy Man! to Punishment shall bring,
Fair Liberty this pressing for the Sin,
However future times may judge the Thing:
His Country's Love will all things over bear,
And's vast desire of Praise. But see from far
The *Decii*, *Drusi*, and *Torquatus* dread
With's Axe: *Camillus* with his Ensigns spread.
But those two Souls so Friendly now you see,
While 'mong the Shades, they shining equally
With glorious Arms, if e'er they come to Life,
Alas! what Wars they'll raise, and bloody Strife
Betwixt them. One from th'*Alpes* with's force will
Th' other an opp'site Army'll bring from *Rome*.
(come,

O Youths ! use not your Minds to Wars as these,
Nor 'gainst your Country's Bowels turn your force.
You *Cæsar*, first forbear ; you Heav'n-sprung Man,
Throw by your Arms, my Blood——
That famous Man, at *Corinth*, *Græcians* slain
Returning *Victor*, shall his Triumph gain.
He *Argos* and *Mycenæ* shall subvert,
The last of them, great *Agamemnon*'s Seat,
And e'en *Æacides*, of *Achilles* Race,
Revenging *Trojan* Wrongs, and that disgrace
Prophane, *Minerva*'s Temple shown. Can I,
Great *Cato* ! you, or *Cæstus* you pass by
In silence ? or the Race of *Gracchus*, or
The *Scipio*'s both, call'd Thunderbolts of War
Great *Lybia*'s Ruin ? Or *Fabričius*, you,
Great Soul'd, tho poor ? or th' happy Man at Plough }
Serranus ? *Fabii* ! whither lead me now
Being tir'd ? *Maximus* you that Man we'll own,
Who by delays, restor'd our falling Throne.
Others in Brass, and Marble, to the Life
Sweet Sculptures make, you'd think they were alive,

Plead Causes better, and more nicely know
The site of the Earth, Heav'ns rising Signs to shew.
Mind you, O Roman! to rule over Men,
(These shall be your Arts) how in Peace to reign,
The Meek to favour, Haughty to keep down.
Thus said *Anchises*: Adds, to their Surprize,
See how *Marcellus*, with Spoils laden goes,
A glorious Conq'rer, how he all out-shews:
This Knight, the State all discompos'd at home,
Shall set to rights; the *Lybians* overcome,
And rebel *Gauls*. And to *Quirinus* then, (hang,
Spoils, took the third time from them, he shall
Aeneas here (for he saw with him pafs,
A Youth with shining Arms, of wondrous Grace
But's Count'nance clouded, with dejected Eyes)
Who, Father is't, the Man accompanies?
His Son, or some great Man's, from us will spring?
What Shouts about him? how resembling him?
But round his Head a sad-dark Cloud appears.
Anchises then, all melting into Tears;

Says,

Says, Son ! wish not that depth of Grief to know,
Yours may attend : The Fates will only shew
That Youth to th'Earth, nor let him longer live.
O Gods ! The *Roman* Race should he survive,
Would seem to you too great : What mighty Groans
The martial Field at *Rome* will fill ? What Moans
O *Tyberinus* will you see, when you
Pass by his Tomb, with Tears all fresh and new ?
Nor will ought Youth of *Trojan* Stock e'er raise
His *Roman* Grandsires hopes, so much as this ;
Nor shall *Rome*'s Empire ever boast that she
Had such a Son as this. O Piety,
And honest upright Mind ! Unconquer'd Hand !
None e'er with Safety might your Arms withstand
On Foot, or Horseback. Ah ! much pity'd Child !
Could you your hard Fate shun, you should be call'd
Marcellus. Lillies by whole handfuls strew
Before him, I will Purple Flowers throw ; }
On's Ghost, at least, heapt Presents let's bestow.
Thus thro' *Elysium* they walkt here and there,
Observing all Things as their Pleasures were.

When

When old *Anchises* this had shewn his Son,
And fill'd his Mind with Glories were to come.
He tells him what Wars he must undertake :
Of the *Laurentines*, and *Latinus* Seat.
And how he Dangers must avoid or fly ;
And sometimes suffer in Adversity.

Two Gates there are of Dreams ; they say that one
Is made of Horn, where true Dreams pass alone.

Of Iv'ry th'others made ; whence to the Sky,
False Dreams and Fantasms Ghosts use to convey.

When these things to his Son, and *Sibyll* both,
Anchises had declar'd ; he sent them forth
At th' Iv'ry Gate. *Aeneas* took his way
T'his Ships ; and finding there his Men to stay,
He to *Cajeta*, in strait Course did steer,
Cast Anchor there, and turn'd his Sterns to shoar.

The Fourth Eclogue of Virgil.

Sicilian Muses ! Let us raise our Strain ; (Man :
 Shrubs and some Tamarisks please not ev'ry
 This Past'ral Song deserves a Consul's Ear.
 The Sibyll's last Age now has run'ts career.
 And th'Ages great Course must anew begin ;
 The Virgin comes with Saturn's Reign agen.
 A new Race now from Heav'n is sent on Earth ;
 O chaste *Lucina* ! favour the Infant's Birth.
 By whom the Iron Age shall cease ; and thro'
 The World a Golden Age shall rise anew,
 And your *Apollo*'s Kingdom shall ensue.
 And while you're Consul *Pollio*, this our Bliss
 Commences, with the great Months Happiness.
 While you're in Pow'r, if any Taints appear
 Of former Crimes, they're null'd with Mortals fear.

He'll live as God, and see his Godlike Men
With *Heroes* mixt, and he'll be seen of them,
And rule as his great Ancestors had done.

But Child ! to you, as first small Presents th'Earth
Untill'd, in plenty *Ivies* will bring forth,
With *Avens* ; and as grateful to your view
Brankurfine, with the *Egyptian* Bean, will shew.
The Goats to you full Dugs of Milk shall bring ;
Nor will the Herds fierce Lyons fear, if seen.

Your Cradle 'tself sweet Flowers shall display,
The Snake and guileful pois'nous Weed shall die ;
Th' *Affyrian* fragrant Shrub grow commonly.

But when you come to read the *Heroes* Praise,
Your Fathers Facts, and know what Virtue is.

The Corn-fields yellow will begin to shew,
The Berries on wild Thorns will ruddy grow,
And Heav'n-dropt Hony from hard Oaks will

(flow.)

Yet still some few Seeds of our ancient Guile
Will spring ; and make us take a second Toil

At Sea : New Wall-towns build, and till the Ground,
And there must be another *Typhus* found ;
Another *Argo*, Heroes to convey,
And other Wars with Battles in Array,
And great *Achilles* must again to *Troy*.

When, after this, you're grown a perfect Man,
The Sailor shall give o'er the Seas, nor then
Shall Vessels Traffick carry to and fro,
But all things freely ev'ry where shall grow.

The Earth from Harrow free, the Vine from Hook,
The Ploughman's Oxen shall discharge from Yoak.
Wool shall no longer take a borrow'd hew,
But on the Ram a Purple Fleece shall grow,
Sometimes a Yellow, and the native Die
Of *Sandix*-cloath the Lambs are feeding by.

The Destinies with the pow'r of Fate agreed,
Run on such Ages to their Spindless cry'd.

Dear Offspring of the Gods, *Jove*'s great increase !
O ! now's your time great Honours to possess.
See how the World jogs with its Convex weight,
The Earth, the Seas, high Heav'n in its Flight.

How all Things Joy express at th' Age to come.

O ! that my Thread of Life may hold so long,

And Muses Vigour, your Deeds to record ;

Orpheus in Verse then shall not me out-word.

E'en with his Mother's Aid *Calliope* :

Nor *Linus*, with his Father *Phæbus* by.

If *Pan*, th' *Arcadian* God contends, he'll own,

Tho' judge himself, himself by me outdone.

Your Mother, Child ! by Smile begin to know,

Ten long Months Loathings she did undergo.

Begin : 'Till Children smile on Parents, none

Genius at board, nor *Juno*'tBed will own.

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